

THE MARION MASSACRE

STORY OF A FIVE DOLLAR BILL

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THE
CANADIAN
FORUM

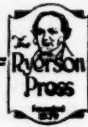


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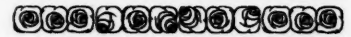
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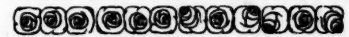


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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. X.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1929

No. 111

THE NEW LIBERAL POLICY

AT Winnipeg on November 1 Mr. Mackenzie King broke the silence he had maintained on national questions since the prorogation of Parliament last June, and made a speech which must have provided Mr. Bennett with interesting reading at his breakfast next morning. Whatever may be thought of Mr. King's capacity for high statesmanship, it is by now generally admitted that he is as competent a master of political tactics as Canada has seen for many a long day, and he has never shown better judgment than in the amount of rope he has given the leader of the opposition. Mr. Bennett's harshest criticism of the Government during the last session was devoted to its bovine inaction in the face of the national danger threatened by the Americans' new high-tariff bill, and he and his followers professed their patriotic readiness to support the Government if it would prolong the session until the provisions of the new American tariff were fixed so that immediate retaliatory tariff action might be taken by our Parliament to meet it. Throughout the summer Mr. Bennett has continued to voice his regret at the Government's 'wait and see' policy, to ridicule its non-provocative attitude towards the United States, and to preach with the most self-sacrificing assiduity the advantages of higher protective tariffs to the Canadian public. Mr. King bided his time; he waited until the scandalous lobbying activities of the American manufacturers had been exposed and the reaction of the American public had ruined the chances of the Hawley-Smoot tariff being passed without drastic revision, he waited until his non-provocative attitude towards the United States had been given the most definite endorsement by the actions of the British Government; he waited until the utter futility of Mr. Bennett's patriotic advice of last summer was patent to all; and then—'A fine spectacle we would have made of Parliament as a deliberative assembly,' said Mr. King at Winnipeg, 'if we had followed that advice! . . . Just imagine continuing in session month after month with horsewhip in hand, so to speak; waiting all this while for the

moment that it might be brought down around the legs of Uncle Sam; and then for the moment itself never to arrive!

* * *

MR. KING is shrewd enough to realize that while Mr. Bennett's denunciations of all imperial preferences may ring sweetly in the ears of some manufacturers they will not endear his national policy to those members of the Conservative rank and file whose sentiment for the old country springs from the heart; and it is interesting to note how the Liberal leader misses no opportunity to drive a new wedge into this crack in the Conservative party fabric. In his Winnipeg speech he did not fail to point out that while any increase in the American tariff would affect British exporters as much as Canadian, the Tory Government which was in power at Westminster when the new American tariff was proposed did not threaten retaliatory action, nor while the tariff has been under discussion by Congress has the British Government been uttering anathemas against the U.S.A. On the contrary, the British Prime Minister has been paying a friendly visit to the American President with the purpose of furthering a cordial co-operation between the two English-speaking peoples. Mr. King declared that as between the attitude of Mr. Bennett and the British attitude he 'prefers the British'; he reiterated his belief that as compared with Canada's position within the British Empire, the isolation of independence or the absorption of annexation would be the greatest of national misfortunes; and in this matter of the proposed new American tariff he pointed out that by making all proper representations of Canada's interests to the American Government through diplomatic channels instead of voicing threats or making formal protests, he has followed the British example. It can hardly be doubted that on this issue which the Conservatives have chosen to campaign on, a good many Canadians who ordinarily vote Conservative feel a secret satisfaction that our interests during the past year have been in the care of Mr. King instead of Mr. Bennett; and if Mr. Bennett pursues

his present fanatically nationalistic course, this feeling next year may have its secret effect at the polls.

* * *

IT has been pointed out more than once in this journal that the policies of both our historic parties in Canada were based on contradictory doctrines. Our Conservatives have stood for political imperialism and economic nationalism; our Liberals have stood for economic imperialism and political nationalism. The Conservatives have waved the Union Jack and talked imperialism till all was blue, but they have consistently denounced imperial preferences. The Liberals have upheld the imperial preferences but have preached national autonomy and denounced imperialism. We have always felt that the party which first reconciled the contradictions inherent in its historic policy would get the edge, as it were, on its opponents and become the most truly national party by having the most consistent national policy. The Conservatives had their chance and missed it. They seemed to realize after the war that something was wrong with their policy, but their managers were not sufficiently sensitive to appreciate what it was. Yet surely it should have been obvious enough, if they had ever had the courage to look squarely at their creed and see what it meant when stripped of rhetoric and false sentiment. Baldly put, the Conservative policy which denied the British any preference in our markets but promised them unquestioning political support in world affairs, came to this: 'We will not sacrifice our profits for you, but we will sacrifice our sons.' Some apprehension of this impossible basis of the official Conservative attitude, as well as the necessity for a *rapprochement* with Quebec, may have influenced Mr. Meighen when he made his proposal that no Canadian troops should leave our shores for any field of war until a general election had endorsed the war. But that ill-advised proposition only brought trouble within the party and ultimately left it where it was before—perhaps in worse state than it was before. Events of recent years, on the other hand, have enabled the Liberals to reconcile the contradictions in their party policy, for the attainment of full national status which was confirmed and proclaimed to the world at the last Imperial Conference satisfied all their claims and aspirations to national autonomy. With Canada a free nation within the British Commonwealth, the Liberals can now preach economic and political co-operation with Great Britain and with the Commonwealth's other constituent parts. Their policy now on these basic political issues is consistent and satisfying to most Canadians of British sympathies or descent, while their fiscal policy appeals to the economic interests of our primary producers and consumers. But if our Liberals are to exploit the full political advantage of their new and infinitely stronger position, they must to a reasonable extent practise what they preach.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, with the Liberal party in Canada as with most political parties elsewhere, it is in practise that they fail to satisfy their supporters and those independents who listen to their preaching with approval. During the early years of the post-war Liberal regime, Mr. King had some excuse for making only moderate progress along the lines laid

down by his party's creed. Our people were still divided by controversies raised by the war; the country was in the worst phase of the post-war economic depression; and the revenues necessary to meet the enormous new debt piled up by the war and the acquisition of a bankrupt railway system were not easy to find. Stability was what most of our people wanted, and stability was what they got from Mr. King, who had faith in the economic resiliency of Canada and was content to let industry recuperate and progress with the minimum of interference on the part of the Government. He secured a good manager for the National Railways and gave him a free hand; he secured the producers some reduction in freight rates, and gave the farmers some tariff reductions on their implements, but he maintained the protective tariff largely as it was for revenue purposes while at the same time seeking to promote our export trade by special treaties with those nations which would give us reciprocal advantages in their markets. During the past few years the natural expansion of our industries which came with improved world conditions and freer capital to exploit our untapped resources has brought the country to a state of unparalleled prosperity: Mr. King was able to say with truth at Winnipeg the other day that the National Railway system had brought the bankrupt railways from an operating loss to an operating profit in the past eight years, that our net debt has been appreciably reduced, and that reductions in taxation since 1921 have aggregated \$100,000,000. Mr. King was also able to say that constitutional problems now played no part in the political situation, that relations between the Federal Government and the Provinces and between Canada and the Empire were of the happiest kind, and that our political problems, in fact, seemed to be largely imaginary. Then it is obvious that the time has come when Mr. King's Government, freed from pressing practical problems and financial anxieties, can carry out some of the Liberal policies which they have always championed but whose realization an unkind fate has persistently delayed. If our problems are imaginary, opportunities for a Liberal advance are real.

* * *

OF all Liberal objectives, free trade, or, as Mr. King now says, 'a greater measure of freedom in trade,' is the one for whose accomplishment the present circumstances are most opportune. With the increasing volume of our foreign trade, the revenue from our protective tariff has swelled so enormously that last year the Government, after making several reductions in direct taxation, was able to apply the quite unnecessarily large amount of \$60,000,000 to the reduction of the national debt. The published reports of monthly receipts for the current year show further large increases in the revenue from customs duties. It seems therefore as if the Government will be able to make a heavy tax reduction in their next budget, and we can hardly believe they will miss the chance to reduce the indirect taxation of the tariff, which, according to their own political creed, is the most grievous tax that can be put upon a people since for every dollar it brings into the coffers of the nation it puts three into the pockets of the manufacturers. But our Liberals now have added incentives to keep their tariff pledges, since by doing so they can correct any

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adverse effect on our industry caused by whatever new American tariff goes into effect, and at the same time promote our trade with the Empire. For if, instead of raising our already high general tariff *à la Bennett*, we maintained it as it is against the U.S.A. and lowered our tariff on British goods by increasing the British preference, we would assist British producers by switching some of our import trade from the United States to the Empire, we would obtain wider British markets for our own producers to offset those lost to them in the States, and, most important of all, we would not only achieve both these aims without raising prices for our consumers, as a higher tariff would be bound to do, but would actually cut the cost of living.

* * *

CERTAIN cautious passages in Mr. King's speech at Winnipeg would seem to indicate that something of this kind is being considered by his Government; and yet if that is so, how can we account for Mr. Euler's attitude at Geneva as recently as September. When Mr. Graham, of the British delegation, introduced his scheme for a two-year tariff holiday, Mr. Euler professed himself unable to support the proposal. This must have astonished the other delegates since Mr. Euler is known to represent a free-trade Government, whose delegates at Geneva in former years have won eulogies by their reminders that Canada is the only nation in the League that has reduced its tariff since the war. Yet Mr. Euler's refusal to co-operate in the British plan for a tariff truce was as uncompromising as if he had gone to the Assembly as the delegate of a protectionist Government. The only conclusion we can draw is that our Government is contemplating the possibility of raising our tariff against the United States, in some respects at least, in the near future. Considering this alongside of Mr. King's references to meeting the new American tariff by increasing our trade with the Empire and with those foreign nations who wish for more trade with us, it looks as though the Government is considering making a double appeal to the country by increasing some of the preferences given to Britain and to favoured foreign nations, and by also raising some of our duties on American goods. Cynics will immediately suspect that any cuts in the tariff will be made at the expense of industries which have little political influence at Ottawa, while any increases will be designed to give added protection to those industries whose influence is most strong; and they will draw the logical inference that under these circumstances the increases will outweigh the cuts in their effect on the cost of living. Now the Government's tariff record with advanced Liberals simply is not good enough to weather suspicions of this kind, and if it takes a course that provokes them it will be asking for trouble.

* * *

THE right line for the Government to take if it wants to stay in power for the next ten years is the one that will hold its own supporters together and split the supporters of the opposition. The real weakness in the Conservative position lies in its contradictory attitude towards the British connection. So long as the Liberals were agitating for national autonomy, the Conservatives were able to give some colour to their claims to be the true representa-

tives of British sentiment in Canada, for the Liberal agitation was represented as anti-British and even separatist in its tendencies; but since our national autonomy has been won and a new imperial conception evolved which is satisfactory to British Tories and Canadian Liberals alike, there is no longer any Liberal agitation capable of being represented as anti-British, our Liberal leader now is as pro-British as St. George, and our Tories have lost their main sentimental appeal to a great section of the electorate. Again, this section of the electorate cannot but approve the Liberal fiscal policy which gives the British a preference in our market over other nations. Mr. R. B. Bennett, with his jejune *clichés* about the Empire and Empire Trade interspersed in a continual railing against the preferences given by his opponents to the other nations of that very Empire, must be alienating more of his party's supporters every day; and if the Liberals should now help British trade by making a substantial increase in the British preference at the next session, they will win a substantial increase of votes at the following election. But it would be superfluous to make any further appeal there might be in raising our tariff against the Americans, and such a proposal would stick in the gizzard of every free-trader on the prairies. Let the Government keep to freer trade and imperial co-operation and it will sweep the country.

* * *

IT is not necessary to apologize for insisting on the salient fact that by a most fortuitous combination of circumstances Mr. King is now in the happy position of being able to fulfil the most important of Liberal pledges and win Conservative votes by doing so. An increase in the British preference would also gratify the Western Progressives who have been advocating it for years, and it would be popular with consumers from Halifax to Victoria. True, the Government would have to steel itself against the onslaught of certain manufacturers, but the manufacturers who depend on high protection for their prosperity are a dwindling company. The prosperity of the new Canada that is growing up around us is founded, like Britain's in the last century, on world trade; we already hold the second place among the nations in export trade *per capita*, and our biggest trade expansion has been in those industries which depend on the world market and to which a low cost of living and of production is of more concern than a highly protected home market. It is industries of this kind which form the foundation of the new communities in our north country from the Saguenay to the Peace; it is industries of this kind that will crowd the St. Lawrence valley when Mr. Sweezy's two million horse-power is made available for manufacturing purposes in the years immediately ahead of us; and it is industries of this kind that will hum in the ears of fifty million Canadians when both Mr. King and I are dead and gone. Nothing within the power of the present Government could do more to encourage the growth of this new Canada than the putting into practice of the Liberal doctrine of freer trade; and in putting it into practice Mr. King would be able to say that in tariff policy as in so many other matters he believes the *British* way is best.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

NOTES AND COMMENT

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

READERS new and old will be interested to hear that we have arranged with the proprietors of *Willison's Monthly* and also with those of *The Canadian Mercury*, both of which papers have ceased to appear, to take over their respective obligations to their subscribers to the extent of supplying them with current issues of *THE CANADIAN FORUM* until their terms of subscription expire. This calls for a word of explanation. To begin with, we must repudiate the possible charge of altruism and make it quite clear, at the risk of disappointing those who thought us capable of nobler motives, that we are acting entirely in our own interest and are making it our avowed purpose to give these new readers—if indeed we may assume that after having been made our quasi-subscribers by no will of their own they will consent to read us—a thoroughly and permanently satisfactory Roland for their departed Olivers.

But stay. Let us not speak lightly of the last-named. We have probably lost more than we have gained by their departure and in any case we regret that they have gone from the field, leaving it the emptier and also the lonelier. We had this in common with them that like them we appeal in our different way to the active minds of our readers and make few concessions to the tired business man, the jaded housewife, or the frigid flapper. Intellectual journalism in Canada—we believe that the phrase, taken in its widest and most liberal sense, will be acceptable to our former contemporaries—is the poorer by their demise, and we can but ask ourselves at this juncture whether Canada wants intellectual journalism at all, whether from coast to coast there are enough of those who prefer a journal which invites them to think to one which stops them from thinking to justify the efforts of those who have worked steadily in the enlightened cause.

This is our appeal to all our new recipients. We ask them to transfer their intellectual goodwill to us and give us an unprejudiced trial. There will be no change in what we publish. *THE CANADIAN FORUM* will remain what it would have been had its two contemporaries continued. What its character is will best be discovered by reading it for a while. We have no doubt that the paper has its defects, but our business is to weed them out as untiringly as we can, not to noise them abroad to those who may be less alive to them than we are. If our new readers fail to detect them we shall not lift a finger to lighten their darkness. About its virtues we propose to be modest, claiming only this—that it would be impossible to carry the principle of *disinterestedness* further than we have carried it these nine years past in founding the traditions of the paper. This is all we claim, but we claim it absolutely, believing that to the wise this one word will be sufficient. To be sure, we stand and have always stood, alike in politics and the various arts, on the side of the angels, but that will scarcely be held against us and we confess it openly, knowing that if we did not say it today you would detect it tomorrow. What perhaps is less commonly known is

that the angels are far from being the harmonious members of the heavenly host that they once were, chanting hymns of praise night and day. They have become strangely argumentative and even pugnacious. They have exchanged their harps of gold for fountains, and they make ideal journalists.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

WE are a strangely inconsistent people, if, indeed, we are not rankly insincere. On the one hand we boast a number of humane organizations which are not without legal power and have very wide support; on the other, our national life is full of plain indifference to barbarity. For instance, the Humane Society is supported as in few other countries. It watches over domestic animals and unhesitatingly hales their abusers into court, where it seldom fails to obtain a conviction and an adequate sentence. Again, our game-preservation laws are carefully framed and are being more strictly enforced each year. But there is another side to the picture. Throughout the summer and autumn the publicity material of our two great railways treats chiefly of where bass and pickerel may be hooked, where moose and deer may be shot, where duck and grouse will most plentifully satisfy the sportsman's gun. You have only to glance into their office windows in any fair-sized town to learn where 'the great maskinonge awaits you.' And this publicity is not undesired or wasted. Whence this inconsistency? Have we merely outgrown pleasure in such easy killing as wringing a chicken's neck but not in shooting a duck in the reeds—the old hunting instinct, dwindling and perverted? Or is it because cows and horses are useful to us (in \$ and c) and deer and moose are not, except as temptations to travel? Or a mixture of both? The gaucho of the Pampas frankly enjoys the sticking of beeves—it is made a sport with him; but the Canadian who knifed a dog in public would find himself quickly before the magistrate.

* * *

The latest example of our real indifference to animal life shows more clearly than ever how complete and widespread that indifference is. October 31st and November 9th were declared open days for pheasant in the Niagara Peninsula, and the resulting invasion of that pleasant countryside lacked nothing in thoroughness and enthusiasm. One daily paper reports that:—

From the first pale glimmer of dawn today an army of hunters, 3,000 strong, moved out through the fields and orchards, along the highways and byways of Niagara and Grantham townships searching the long grass and the patches of brush or thickets for pheasant . . . At dawn there were automobiles parked for miles along side roads, hunters sitting waiting for sufficient daylight to go out into the fields or into the thickets to find their game birds either feeding or roosting.

On the second day an even larger number are estimated to have taken the field, chiefly from the towns, for the country people seem to be quite out of sympathy with what the accounts show to have been a crude outburst of the lust for killing. Hen pheasants as well as cocks

were killed, domestic fowls shot, dogs and cows injured, and several persons went to hospital; for the hunters loosed off at anything that moved. Private grounds were violated in open defiance of their owners, and apparently only the force of one hundred police, game wardens, and special constables prevented serious clashes. The pheasants are raised especially to be shot (why, we can only darkly surmise), so we presume those responsible are amply satisfied. But that the public should be satisfied, or at any rate indifferent, is a serious matter. The affair, from any point of view, is disgraceful to a civilized community, but not one adverse comment appeared in any newspaper, either editorially or otherwise. In the face of this, not all the S.P.C.A.'s and societies for the preservation of this, that, and the other, can exonerate us from the accusation of crass indifference to ordinary human decencies.



AN honest attempt to enumerate the points in which our Canadian civilization differs from that of the United States is apt to be almost as brief as the famous essay upon snakes in Ireland. The underlying conditions which have determined the character of the two peoples are so similar. Each is a nation made up of the descendants of Europeans who came and settled in an empty continent that possessed almost unlimited natural resources; the history of each has consisted of the process of exploring and exploiting a half-continent. The factors in their history which have made for differences count for little compared with this fundamental economic similarity. That one of them in the course of its growth had a violent quarrel with the mother-country and severed its political connection while the other grew up to independence without any such political breach is relatively unimportant; and it would be recognized as such by everybody were not our minds dominated by too much study of political history and too little study of social and economic history. It was not the Declaration of Independence which made the Americans a separate people, it was the Atlantic Ocean; and Canada is on the same side of the Atlantic. Most of the superficial differences between the two people on which our good patriots are wont to dwell are due simply to the fact that the Americans have filled up their part of the continent more rapidly than we have ours. They are today more highly industrialized and urbanized than we are. The pace with which they have gone through the revolutionary social changes of the last century has resulted in the restlessness, the volatility, and the riotous exuberance of American life compared with which our Canadian decorum seems either dull or dignified, according to the point of view of the observer. But the pace of our Canadian life is quickening. We shall soon have little to learn from them in the art of getting rich quick.

* * *

THE most distinctive feature of our Canadian life, one would think, should be our experience in building up a new nationality in the North American environment out of the two races, French and English. Yet, when one gets away from the rhetoric of the *bonne entente* orators, one is puzzled to say what particular quality in our life can be singled out as due to our bi-racial experience. The two races have never coalesced, have never understood one another or tried to understand one another. When they do come into contact each shows its worst side to the other. The French, so we are told, have a native folk literature and art which is a real contribution to the culture of North America; but the only Frenchman most of us ever see is the aggressive Quebec cleric or the jobbing politician at Ottawa. And when they picture to themselves the typical English Canadian he bears a strong resemblance to the Toronto Orangeman. The two races have never solved the most elementary problem of living together.

THE A. F. OF L. CONVENTION

THE Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labour was held in Toronto during October. As the majority of the members of Trade Unions in Canada belong to the Federation, this gathering has some importance for those who are interested in labour conditions in this country. In our present issue we have two articles which deal with the convention and with some of the important issues which came before it. Mr. A. J. Muste, who is Dean of Brookwood Labour College, has written about conditions in the textile mills in the new industrial South. He visited Marion, just before coming to Toronto, and is thoroughly conversant with conditions in that disturbed area. Mr. Carl Haessler, of the Federated Press, has contributed an essay on Canadian Labour and its relation to the Federation. The two articles give some useful information about the organized labour movement in America, and are a valuable supplement to the regular press reports.

MR. ROBB

WE have had few party politicians in Canada more generally liked than Mr. James Robb, and his death was sincerely regretted by his political friends and opponents alike. This was not due so much to his natural predilection for the middle road in public affairs as to the characteristic tolerance and fair-mindedness with which he met opposition and criticism. It was this quality, so rare and so valuable in Canadian public life, which made him a popular local administrator in the mixed community of his native county in Quebec long before he entered Parliament in 1908, and his example in the House helped to raise the standards of Parliamentary conduct. He was not a great finance minister, but he was a shrewd and efficient manager of the national purse.

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

that of education. Contact with each other has only served to accentuate and harden the intolerant qualities of each. They live together in an uneasy balance of power, and we seem as far today as ever from the time when 'Canadian' and 'Canadien' will mean the same thing. That French-Canadian civilization is different from that of the United States is obvious. But its only effect upon us English Canadians has been to strengthen the qualities which make us like the Americans.

* * *

IF we are to look for anything distinctively Canadian then, it must be found in the way in which we have handled the social and economic questions which arise in the process of exploiting the resources of our half of the continent. And here one does observe some features in our life which do not appear south of the line. We have not given ourselves up entirely to the unrelieved capitalistic individualism of our American neighbours. In such enterprises as the Ontario Hydro, the Canadian National Railways, and the provincial telephone systems of the West we have experimented in another method of providing public services than that of trusting to the private capitalist in search of profit. Their success has implanted pretty firmly in the minds of a good many Canadians at least a belief in the virtues of the public ownership and operation of public utilities which seems to be entirely lacking in the United States. But the fight for the Hydro in Ontario and for the National Railways in Canada at large is still too recent for anyone to delude himself into an optimistic faith that the cause of public ownership is won in this country. The greatest fights are still in the future. It is still possible to manipulate politics at Ottawa so that the publicly-owned railway is at a disadvantage in competing with the private one for branch lines in new territory. And the enormous development of hydro-electric power which will take place in the next generation makes one strain one's eyes rather anxiously for a second Beck who shows no signs of appearing. Have the Canadian people sufficient alertness as to the future to save themselves from the gigantic Super Power Trust into which the Americans are rushing with such joyous abandon at present? If they have not, it will not make much difference ultimately whether the management of the trust is located in Montreal or in New York. There is no real difference, except in names, between being controlled by a Holt and being controlled by a Morgan. And nothing is more certain than that the Morgan of the next generation will gobble up the Holt of the next generation. The best defence of a distinct Canadian nationality is to make sure that these great strategic public services shall be owned and controlled by the people themselves.

When one moves among Americans one is struck by their fatalistic attitude toward these problems of the relation of the public to its public services. One meets plenty of individuals who would like to imitate our Canadian public ownership enterprises, but the idea that it is possible for the American people in its collective capacity to stir itself out of the slumber into which it has been lulled by persistent private ownership propaganda is accepted by everyone as visionary. That democratic political machinery can be utilized as a fruitful method by which the people can provide for their own future is a faith which has almost died out among intelligent Americans. One of

the hopeful things about Canada is that we have not yet come to this complete despair about our politics, and that enterprises like the Ontario Hydro and the National Railways show that we are still capable of using our political machinery for constructive purposes. But when the people of the pivotal province of Ontario go through a general election in which millions of words are wasted on prohibition and hardly a word is said on either side about the St. Lawrence Waterway, one begins to wonder whether that particular community is capable of providing for its future.

* * *

IT is to the Canadian West that one must turn when one looks for a people who have shown that capacity for tackling their common problems in common which is presupposed in all democratic theory. The Hydro in Ontario was too exclusively the work of one man of genius. It has aroused a great pride in the people of Ontario but their experience with it has been too largely passive, and whether they have the positive ability to carry on in the spirit of Beck is still in question. On the prairie the farmers are working out for themselves a genuine co-operative community. They have refused to acquiesce in the exploitation to which agriculture has been subjected over all the rest of the continent. They have organized to sell their own products and will soon be organized to buy co-operatively all that they need to buy. The most hopeful thing about the whole movement is that, with the exception of Mr. H. W. Wood of Alberta, it has as yet produced no great outstanding leader. It is still throwing up leaders from all sides as they are needed, a fact which shows how really popular it is and how deeply it has its roots in the life of the people. Whatever one may think about their political theories, there can be no question that the prairie farmers have rescued their provincial politics from the atmosphere of futility which pervades our Eastern provinces; and they are probably right in thinking that no healthy political life is possible in a community which has not emancipated itself from the meaningless bickering of the two old political parties. One is sometimes alarmed at the amount of revivalism which the Western farmers work into their co-operative undertakings. Past experience on this continent has gone to show that messianic prophecy does not mix well with plain business honesty and common sense. But their movement is the most hopeful thing in Canadian life at present.

* * *

WE have distinguished ourselves also from our American neighbours by our Church Union movement. If Union means that Canadian Protestantism has shown itself able to rise above the dissidence of dissent and the stupid sectarianism which has marked Protestantism through all its history, it is a great and inspiring spectacle. The success of the United Church so far in keeping the lid on its fundamentalist fanatics is encouraging. But perhaps Union had really no higher motive than the urge which drives banks and packing companies into mergers. The cloud of emotional rhetoric in which our religious leaders hide their activities is even thicker than that which surrounds our politicians. Someone would do a great service to this country if he would write a realistic study of the United Church.

F. H. U.

THE MARION MASSACRE

Its Significance for the American Labour Movement

BY A. J. MUSTE

AN example of how Capitalism in the U.S.A., 1929 Model, functions was given recently in East Marion, North Carolina, where six unarmed strikers were shot to death on the picket line by officers of the law. This example suggests that the reports of the humaneness and efficiency of the new capitalism may be slightly exaggerated and that the leopard still retains a few spots.

East Marion is a cotton mill village. The employees of the Marion Manufacturing Company worked 67 hours per week, though the state law limits the hours to 60, at least for women and children. The wages averaged \$11.00 per week. A highly skilled worker might make \$18 to \$20. Many adults, however, as well as children, did not make more than \$8 to \$10 per week throughout the year. Conditions in the mill itself were bad. The houses in the company-owned mill village are mere shacks devoid of all modern conveniences.

When what Southern workers picturesquely call the stretch-out was introduced, that is, an effort made to get more work out of them without any increase in pay, the East Marion workers set about to organize themselves into a union, something of which most of them had heard but vaguely, but with which one or two had had experience some years before in other textile centres. No organizers or 'outside agitators' started the movement in Marion, though a distinguished and supposedly truth-loving senator of North Carolina solemnly proclaimed to the United States Senate the other day that gentlemen of these professions were responsible for all the trouble in his otherwise peaceful and happy state.

Having decided to try to join the A. F. of L. union for textile workers and not some Communist union, the Marion workers sent a committee out in search of a United Textile Workers' organizer, and after considerable difficulty located him. With his assistance quiet efforts to organize continued. The utmost pains were taken not to precipitate the issue and force a strike on the employer. This gentleman, however, promptly took the offensive when the report that his workers were forming a union was brought to him and discharged 19 of his best workers, who happened also to have been among the first to join the union. The employees first made an effort to straighten out difficulties in a conference with the employer. He was so certain that his workers would not stand together that he tauntingly offered each member of the committee \$50.00 to call a strike. Faced with the alternative of striking or abandoning the effort to have a union, the committee 'called his bluff' and the workers followed them out on strike. So solidly did the workers stand together that the mill shut down.

The strike was for the right to have a union, a 10-hour day, and a \$12.10 average weekly wage.

When some relief was supplied to the strikers from without and their determination to win appeared strong, the usual methods to prevent peaceful picketing and break down the resistance of the workers were resorted to. An injunction was issued, strike leaders

were arrested on trumped-up charges, the sheriff assaulted peaceful pickets and the militia was brought in. A score or two of strikers are still held for trial on the charge of 'sedition and attempting to overthrow the state of North Carolina.' The sheriff moved the furniture of a family of strike-breakers into one of the company shacks. As soon as he had turned his back, the strikers quietly walked in and carried the furniture out of the shack and on to the truck which had brought it in. This constituted the attempt 'to overthrow the state of North Carolina.'

On September 11 the strike which had begun on July 11 was settled. The settlement was far from favourable from a union standpoint. Hours were reduced to 55 per week but this was only a nominal concession as the surrounding mills were curtailing operations at the time and working only the same number of hours. Furthermore, there was a proviso that six weeks after the return to work, the question of whether the hours should be put back to 60 should be taken up again. There was to be no discrimination for membership in the union, and no more people from outside the mill village were to be hired until all union members had been put back to work, with the exception of 14 or 15 who had been very prominent in strike activities and whom the employer refused to re-engage. The strikebreakers who had been brought in previous to the settlement were not to be discharged.

Almost immediately the employer broke even this agreement by failing to take back over 100 union members and continuing to employ people from outside the mill village. Conferences between the employer and the union, sponsored by a prominent banker and mill owner of an adjoining city, failed to bring about an understanding. This mediator has stated in the presence of many witnesses that he is convinced the employer did not mean to play fair.

On October 3 the union was to have a meeting at which, it was generally understood, a new strike would be called unless the grievances had been remedied. On the evening of October 2 deputy sheriffs appeared in the mill, swaggering and threatening harm to workers on the night shift if they went on strike. These officers of the law were supplied with bootleg liquor during the night. At about one o'clock in the morning of October 3, one of the overseers of the mill, who had received a deputy sheriff's commission, drew a gun on one of the young members of the union, dared him to go on strike and said that this time if there was a strike 'they would shoot it out.' The young man was not to be intimidated, pulled the lever which cut off the power from his machine, and walked out, followed by most of the workers on the night shift. Thus it was a spontaneous strike obviously provoked by the employer.

Shortly before 7.00 o'clock in the morning the workers on the night shift were in front of the mill gate for the purpose of informing the workers on the day shift that the mill was on strike.

The sheriff and a considerable number of his deputies were on hand. He ordered 60 or 70 night

shift workers who were peacefully standing about to disperse. When they did not leave immediately, he shot off his tear-gas gun at them, as did several of his deputies. Thereupon firing began. Thirty of the strikers, blinded by the tear-gas and running away, were hit. Six of them have died. Not a single member of the sheriff's force was struck with a bullet. Not a single weapon was found on any of the wounded or in the vicinity after the shooting. Not a single striker was placed under arrest by the sheriff until 36 hours after the shooting and after the sheriff and his deputies had been served with warrants for murder, sworn out against them by the union.

The owner of the mill said to three reporters after the shooting: 'Some marksmanship that was. Any time I organize an army the sheriff and his men can join. It took five tons of lead to kill a man in the great war. It took only a few ounces to kill one here in Marion. Some shooting.'

I officiated at the funeral of four of the strikers on Friday, October 5. Every one of them had been shot in the back.

No worse outrage has been perpetrated in all the stormy history of labour in the United States. The massacre at Marion may yet prove, however, a turning point in the history of the American Federation of

Labor. Up to the time of that incident the Marion workers had received but scant support from the A. F. of L., and the whole campaign to organize the Southern textile industry had been inadequately planned and feebly carried out. Marion has dramatized the issue. At the recent A. F. of L. convention at Toronto there was a display of enthusiasm and determination for seizing the opportunity to organize a basic industry employing hundreds of thousands of unskilled and semi-skilled workers, such as has not been seen in an A. F. of L. convention for many a day. The opportunity is indeed unique, for Southern textile workers are actually clamoring for organization, and are prepared to fight and suffer for it if given any reasonable amount of leadership and support. If one basic industry were organized in the United States, others might follow, and the A. F. of L. might cease to be chiefly a club of a relatively small number of highly skilled crafts. This in turn would lead to general interest on the part of labour in social insurance, to the possibility of building a labour party, to the development in the labour movement of the United States of idealism and the passion for a new social order, a vision of something beyond immediate material gains by way of higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions of work.

LABOUR INTERNATIONALISM

BY CARL HAESSLER

THE annual sessions of the American Federation of Labour held in Toronto this October for the second time in twenty years, present anew and from another approach the perennial problems of United States-Canadian relations. Because labour the world over professes to be international, and because on this continent the international form has been considerably developed, it is possible to find in the federation's present situation some indication of what the future has in store for the two countries.

Between the 1909 and 1929 Toronto conventions came the Montreal convention of 1920, one of the most advanced gatherings in the entire period. It is remembered in labour and radical annals as the convention that approved the Plumb Plan for government ownership and democratically controlled operation of the railroads. Pushed through by the railroad unions, at that time swollen with wartime membership gains and wartime taste of power, that plan, curiously enough, has been almost forgotten in the United States, while some parts of it are now in full force or else consciously pursued in Canada. In the 23,000-mile system of the Canadian National the principle of government ownership is absolute, (except for the dead hand of the bondholders), and the principle of co-responsibility between management and labour and co-partnership with the public has already achieved partial recognition.

The 1929 membership of the Canadian Trades and Labour Congress, into which the entire Canadian following of the federation is organized, is 126,638. This is less than four and one half per cent. of the entire federation membership of

2,933,545 dues-paying trade unionists. Like the federation the Canadian congress has had larger numbers, lost in the postwar deflation. There has been a recovery in the past two or three years. The congress faces an acute problem, practically negligible in the United States, of strong independent unions operating in the same industries as the congress-federation unions. According to the Dominion statistics, (*Canada Year Book*, 1929), the independent unions number some 85,000 members. The United States also has independent unions, but the most powerful of them are not dual in the sense of functioning in the spheres held by the federation unions. The principal exception is the Amalgamated Clothing Workers which seceded from the corrupt United Garment Workers in the men's clothing industry just before the war. The Amalgamated, which has some strong Canadian branches, is virtually in full control of the labour side of its field.

The independent unions on the northern side of the border constitute in the labour world the outward expression of Canadian nationalism as against the internationalism or, as its critics would say, the United States imperialism of the federation.

The tug of war on the labour field between the unifying and the divisive factors influencing the English-speaking workers of the North American continent are a plot within the plot in the drama of American destiny. What the American Federation of Labour, in 49th annual convention assembled in Toronto, highly or humbly resolved, in vigorous or indifferent accents, is perhaps less important than a grasp of the forces at work within its vitals.

The tie of class is the most binding, though out-

wardly not emphasized. All are working at wages for a boss, against whom they must struggle for a fairer share of the returns and for less onerous working conditions. That in fact is the universal bond of wage earners not only on this continent but in all lands. Between United States and Canadian workers this bond is strongly reinforced by an unusual number of auxiliary ligaments. There is the common American vernacular of toil, the roughly common wage scales and working conditions, the similarity of cultural development—somewhat more British still in Canada perhaps, but the more advanced along the common highway of industrialization in the States. Financial interpenetration between the two countries is well established with almost a billion of Canadian capital drawing tribute below the border and close to three and a third billions of United States capital levying toll above it. (The figures are \$939,000,000 and \$3,313,512,000). The internal political structure, against which in the main the workers have to fight, is not identical but similar, particularly in the federal principle of state or provincial government side by side with a national government, with the various judicial checks to orderly social progress and the mounting interference of police and executive forces with labour activity. Railroads, boats, autos, and aeroplanes weave back and forth across the boundary. The same corporate interests have works on both sides. There is no quota law affecting native Canadian or United States citizens in their sometimes twice daily sallies into politically foreign territory. And the workers on both sides view with alarm the coming of additional job seekers from across the oceans.

If we now enumerate the separatistic labour forces the most important is undoubtedly the political distinctness of the two countries. This was not inevitable in 1783 when it was formally established, and it is perhaps not eternal. Apart from the French enclave in Quebec, very much similar to the Franco-Spanish pseudopod in Louisiana, the temperate zone of this continent might more naturally have grown into a political unity than into the headless dual republic it at present appears to be. The nationalist ties of the Canadian worker are supported by social and political links to Great Britain, long since attenuated in the United States. The divisive stress is accentuated by the natural fear and suspicion with which the smaller of two partners looks upon the larger. This may be expected to diminish as the Canadian industrial development quickens. But at present there is much jealousy about the control by international headquarters located in the United States and largely officered by United States citizens over the treasuries and policies of the bi-national unions. The Canadian national unions, already mentioned, undoubtedly owe part of their strength to the existence of this friction. The disparity in union numbers between the two countries is of course largely a corollary of the unequal rate of industrial and commercial exploitation. Other irritating elements are the tariff, the distressing unemployment in almost all urban communities north and south, and the resulting touchiness about population movements.

It is true that the Canadian national unions, through their spokesmen, minimize the nationalist factor in their appeal to the unorganized worker to join their organizations instead of the international unions. It is true that they give certain valid labour reasons for preferring their invitations. And it is strangely true that these very reasons resolve themselves in the end into further arguments for a genuinely international basis of labour organization on this continent. They were summarized at Toronto in an official statement released in answer to convention criticism from the American Federation of Labour. Each is a criticism of present federation policy, but each is also nothing if not international in character, on a class basis. The first is that most federation unions are craft groups instead of industrial unions. That is, the workers are organized according to the tools they handle rather than according to the industry in which they are employed. Thus a machinist is enrolled in his craft union whether he works in a railroad repair shop or in automobile factory tool room. But the industrial plan of organization would place him either in the railroad workers' union or in the auto workers' union, making for solidarity of interest of all workers employed by one boss and even by one kind of industry—a natural, and one would think inevitable, development in our present age of merger and monopoly. As mergers became continental, not to say worldwide, the unions would follow in their steps. Thus a Canadian national union is really a theoretical plea for a genuinely continental industrial labour organization.

The second criticism against the federation is its opposition to organized political class expression, its antipathy to a Labour party. In this again, while ostensibly Canadian because dealing with political considerations, the criticism is effective because the essential class character of labour is not sufficiently recognized in the present politically infantile stage of the federation. That effective class organization, whether political or economic, laughs at international boundaries need scarcely be pointed out.

The third criticism frankly charges that the federation is of a United States character instead of a truly international nature and that the Canadian contingent in the federation does not get commensurate benefits from its cash contributions to the federation and international union treasuries nor does it have a voice in policy proportionate to its strength. The second part of this charge may be safely dismissed, since it will readily be admitted by informed observers that Canadian federationists have at least the four and one third per cent of control in federation policy that their numbers call for on an arithmetical basis. But the criticism goes farther and charges that in relation to the labour movements on other continents the federation is anything but international, holding itself aloof from all international ties except that of the paper Pan-American Federation of Labour, which consists of the American Federation of Labour and the largely nonexistent labour movements of the lesser Latin-American despotisms or United States imperial fiefs. Here finally the Canadian national union

argument develops into a plea for true labour internationalism on a world scale.

Much of what has been set forth above may have the uninspiring appearance of the obvious. But if obvious, the conclusion should be equally obvious and readily acknowledged by the student on whichever side of the invisible line. Forces that are driving labour to disregard political boundaries are driving capital equally in the same direction and cannot help finding political sanctions if not

checked. But what forces are there than can check the combined drive of capital and labour? The future would seem to hold, not a forcible erasure of political boundaries such as is sometimes envisioned by the blatant United States imperialist, nor the fevered retention of them incoherently figured by the Canadian nationalist in his trance, but a gradual fading out of arbitrary ink marks whose chemical strength has proved unequal to the material requirements of permanence.

STORY OF A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL

BY GEOFFREY RIDDEHOUGH

THE Reverend Cyril Fenton-Hyde enjoyed his Thursday morning service much more than the ordinary Sunday ones—if the word 'enjoyed' is not too flippant in such a connection. No, there is no other word to describe the feelings of a ritualistic Anglican in a small prairie town where the people are either Puritan Protties from back East or, worse still, immigrants from Central Europe who, if they did not remind one of their existence so painfully often, might be summed up as utterly impossible. And even the Anglicans got on the young man's nerves a bit, the ordinary C. of E.'s who came on Sundays at eleven o'clock to what they in their theological backwardness called Holy Communion. That was what the sun-blistered notice-board outside All Saints' called it, and that was what even the Reverend Cyril himself called it on Sundays. What was the use of offending the weaker brethren, especially when these were in the majority and provided the greater part of one's salary? So on Sundays he wore an ordinary surplice and suppressed his ritualistic ambitions.

But on Thursdays and Saints' Days and Festivals of Martyrs he could let himself go a bit, because the faithful who came to these services rather expected it. They liked amices and albs and genuflexions, and they could hear the whole performance referred to as Mass without blinking. As to the theological implications, these caused very little worry to the three elderly spinsters and the four matrons who made up what the Reverend Cyril called the Catholic Element in his parish; it was sufficient for him and for them that on Thursdays he ceased to be a young man with watery blue eyes and a receding chin and became a being of mysterious powers. In fact, they felt that if the Deity was ever immanent in All Saints', Toomanana, Saskatchewan, nine o'clock on Thursdays and Saints' Days was the time *par excellence*.

However, this particular Thursday in April he felt, as he took off his vestments, slightly annoyed. It was the elder Miss Paget who was responsible. Coming to church fasting was well enough—in fact, it was the correct thing to do, but all the same nothing upsets the dramatic effect of ritual more than an intestinal rumbling at the most solemn moment. He must tell her that really she ought not to drive in all the way from Alder Creek without at least a slice of bread and butter, that she looked quite faint, that fasting was self-discipline and not self-punishment. Anything at all, if only he could

eliminate that ludicrous noise. And the good woman was so devoutly regular, too.

He walked over to the Rectory, slightly depressed. His housekeeper had left his breakfast ready for him before going for his mail, and just as he was finishing his English marmalade (for Canadian marmalade isn't the same, and there's no use pretending it is), she came in with the letters. A good soul, Mrs. Binns, to be sure, if only she hadn't that terrible Lancashire accent and that tendency to untidiness and that too great interest in his personal affairs.

The last-mentioned quality she displayed today, as she handed over the letters. 'That'll be from th' Archdeacon, and that un there's from yer aunt in Victoria.' Having made this comment, she officially terminated the Rector's meal by removing the coffee-pot to the kitchen.

In his study he opened his mail. The Archdeacon was plainly dissatisfied with what had been done among the foreigners, who were notoriously unappreciative of British institutions in general, and of the Church in particular. 'We must assimilate them or they will swamp us. We cannot send the riffraff back where they belong. I expect renewed effort on the part of all diocesan clergy to gather these people in. There are all sorts of ways of doing it: Boy Scouts, evening classes in English, &c. You might even try community singing, in which I understand that some of these people are quite good.' The Rector moaned slightly.

His Aunt Sarah's letter was more sympathetic. She said, as usual, that she realized how dreadful those foreigners must be. But surely there was some hope for the younger generation, who were being exposed to British influences in the public schools. It had occurred to her that he might offer a prize or two to the school children of his district: get them to write an essay on British Ideals, or What Constitutes a True Canadian, or Cleanliness, or Temperance, or something like that. And with this in mind, she enclosed a five-dollar bill. That, at any rate, thought the Rector, was a more constructive way than the Archdeacon's.

He rapidly reviewed the various suggestions. Boy Scouts, no. That involved bare knees, didn't it? and the ability to make bridges and things with sticks tied together. Evening classes in English were impossible for the adults, and for the young, superfluous. Community singing would only mean

another nasty row; it was bad enough trying to keep All Saints' choir in good humour, and the latter were at least Anglo-Saxons.

The essay-idea for the public school wasn't bad, and involved no work on his part. But what could he suggest as a subject? British Ideals were a bit beyond them, he thought; indeed, he often felt that they were a bit beyond the Canadians themselves. Cleanliness was scarcely possible until he had obtained a housekeeper who was a better laundress than Mrs. Binns; even some of the Central Europeans wouldn't have allowed egg on the tablecloth, as she had done at this morning's breakfast.

How about Temperance? That would mean, of course, playing into the hands of the local W.C.T.U., and perhaps alienate some of his own congregation, who were firm believers in Paul's advice to Timothy. Still, one couldn't afford to neglect the Union Church, either. It might be a good thing if he could advance the cause of Christian unity by showing that the Anglican Church also was alive to the evils of drunkenness.

Besides, there was Mrs. Metcalfe of his own flock, who certainly wouldn't take it amiss if he did give the school children a prize for an essay on temperance. She belonged to the W.C.T.U.; with that brother of hers, she could do nothing else. The woman was Low Church to a painful degree, and she would insist that she could sing, but still her husband was the bank manager, and the Metcalfes weren't bad supporters of the Church.

And of course, even though true temperance wasn't quite the same thing as prohibition, it was rather difficult to draw the line in Toomanana. Moreover, they were identical to the Archdeacon, and a little zeal for temperance might atone for rather advanced views on ritual.

Yes, the subject would be Temperance.

* * *

That was why, a few days later, the Reverend Cyril was to be seen sitting on the platform in Fraser's Hall, next to the United Church minister, Mr. Polger. He didn't like Mr. Polger very much; to be sure, it was no disgrace to have worked one's way through college by selling insurance, but Mr. Polger, when he talked to you, always looked as though he had just found a good customer. And there was no need to say, 'Well, Hyde, glad you've come for temperance at last.' Not even 'Fenton-Hyde,' just 'Hyde.'

Fraser's Hall, which occupied all the space above the Post Office, the Benvenuto Ice Cream Parlor, and the Toomanana Funeral Chapel, was, even for a temperance meeting-place, unusually stuffy and depressing. The afternoon sun, streaming in through unwashed windows that looked out over Main Street, shone on the dusty faded festoons of bunting that ran from pillar to pillar. And the temperance gathering was a bit limp, even when Mrs. Metcalfe flopped down at the piano and tried to infuse a little get-together spirit into the audience by leading them in the new W.C.T.U. song that had the same tune as 'Comin' thro' the Rye,' but seemed much less cheerful, somehow.

If a body, everybody, work so hard, and try,
We will see this dear old world with Prohibition dry.
Anybody, everybody, even you and I,
Prohibition, Prohibition, Prohibition dry.

The Rev. Mr. Polger opened the formal proceedings with a prayer, while the meeting balanced itself on the forward edge of the kitchen chairs of Fraser's Hall. The invocation was quite comprehensive, and gave even the uninitiated Mr. Fenton-Hyde a fairly good idea how matters stood with the temperance movement in Toomanana. Two or three little things rather spoilt the effect of the prayer, so the Anglican clergyman thought. When Mr. Polger came to his first pause, a small treble at the back of the hall piped out, 'Mamma, can we go home now?' And when he paused the second time, everybody heard through the window the jubilant shouts of some American motorists who had just located the Government Liquor Store. The Reverend Cyril felt discouraged.

However, when the chairman announced that Mr. Fenton-Hyde had offered a cash prize of five dollars to the boy or girl in Grade Eight who should write the best essay on the effects of alcohol on the human body, it could not be denied that the almost spirited applause was most gratifying to the donor.

The Reverend Cyril went home feeling that he was at least establishing contact with the Canadians.

There would certainly be no harm in telling the Archdeacon of this latest step toward making the schoolchildren temperate British citizens.

* * *

Had Marta Kasylichuk known more of literary history, she might have consoled herself with the reflection that a great many masterpieces have been written under difficulties. But Marta was only in Grade Eight, and in any case few of these recorded handicaps would have impressed her, for the Kasylichuk home itself was not conducive to literary creation. Take a superannuated boxcar, place it east of the elevators but this side of the water-tower, add a few lean-to's, fill it with younger brothers and sisters and the odours of needing-a-wash and being-fried, and in this environment you will find it difficult to rise even to the height of a temperance essay.

However, five dollars is five dollars, and when the teacher tells you that you must write the essay anyhow, you do. So Marta hastily condensed several temperance tracts into an essay, while with her foot she kept rocking the cradle, made of half a sugar-barrel, that contained Nicolas and Stefan, the latest contribution of Mrs. Kasylichuk to the Dominion of Canada.

Marta was thirteen, and not without a certain comeliness, though, being as yet economically dependent, she could not hope to equal the subtler charms of her sister Annie, who worked in various capacities in Toomanana. The Archdeacon might not have approved of Annie, but at any rate she and the Anglo-Saxon element in Toomanana were mutually appreciative. Marta, as was natural, was in most respects halfway between her elder sister and little Teodora, who still wore her dull yellow

hair in braids; Marta's was bobbed, so that she washed her neck quite frequently.

There was, as I have said, an economic motive for Marta's researches on behalf of the temperance cause. Five dollars would be more than enough to buy the purple shoes advertised in the mail-order catalogue with the brilliant pictures. You merely had to put 'S-1704k' on the order form, and enclose the money, and the people in the city would send you a pair of shoes that were far better value than what you could get at Wilson's Department Store.

Even Mrs. Kasylichuk, not usually a patron of literary activity, had listened with a stolid approval while Marta had told her of the inducement. Why not? If the Government made a big strapping girl like Marta stay at school, five dollars was the least it could do to make amends. Not that schooling was altogether wasted. Annie always said that it paid one to be able to read and write, and Annie's success in life justified some degree of dogmatism in such matters.

So Marta continued to rock Nicolas and Stefan, hastening to finish the essay before her father came home, and by economical spacing she came simultaneously to the end of her fifth page of foolscap and of her essay.

'And so we see,' she concluded, 'that drinks with alcohol in them are always no good, because if people are well this poisonous drug undermines their system, and if they are sick and drink alcohol they become worse and die often.'

It was not a brilliant essay, perhaps, but it had some very illuminating data and also the ring of sincerity. The latter was probably due to Marta's very genuine desire to win the prize, and this in turn was inspired—so oddly are things connected in this peculiar world—by the artistic skill of the man who drew the shoes numbered in the mail-order catalogue 'S-1704k.'

* * *

In spite of the numerous little slips of idiom, it was Marta's essay that won the prize. Several ladies came to the school a few weeks later, just before half-past three, and presented her with the five dollar bill. And Mr. Hyde from the English Church, who had given the prize, was there too, and said how surprised and pleased he was that such a fine essay should have been written by one of our New Canadians. And there was a letter with the prize, which read:

'The Toomanana Branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union congratulates Marta Kasylichuk on her very good and accurate essay, and hopes that the principles which she has so ably and originally expressed will always guide her future career and the lives of all whom she may be able to influence.'

So Marta went home, quietly jubilant. And along with her went little Mona Metcalfe, who ordinarily had nothing to do with her, but who today felt that Marta had acquired a new respectability. She even accompanied her to the Kasylichuk's boxcar home.

Now it happened that Mr. Kasylichuk, who was an employee of the railway (Maintenance-of-Way

Department), was spending a few hours at home before resuming his labours on behalf of the travelling public. He was sitting at the greasy table demolishing black sausage and rank cheese when Marta and her friend came in. Miss Metcalfe could not restrain herself, but burst forth, 'Oh, Mr. Kasylichuk, aren't you just too proud of Marta for anything? Do you know, she's won five dollars for an essay on temperance, and my mother's written her a letter to say how glad the W.C.T.U. feel that she's won it!'

Mr. Kasylichuk had no very definite idea what the W.C.T.U. was, but he did perceive that the sum of five dollars was somehow involved and that his daughter Marta possessed it. However, though it may seem strange to people like the Archdeacon, who in their Nordic prejudice hold that men of Mr. Kasylichuk's breed are devoid of all the finer feelings, I must record in his favor that he took no action to obtain what he regarded as his by patriarchal right until Miss Metcalfe, realizing it was supertime, had taken her departure.

Then while her mother watched her from the stove, half-sympathetic, half-apprehensive because of her own disloyal silence, Marta confronted her father. Mr. Kasylichuk, like most men of action, was not given to eloquence. He simply said, 'Give here.' Marta lifted her chin with an obstinacy as pronounced as his own. He came a step nearer. Her response to this was to slip the envelope that contained the W.C.T.U. letter and the money down the collar of her blue middy. This was most unfair, but Mr. Kasylichuk was equal to the situation. When Marta recovered consciousness, the five dollar bill that had belonged to the Reverend Cyril's Aunt Sarah, who lived in Victoria, was on its way to the bootlegger's.

Mr. Kasylichuk's behaviour at eleven o'clock that night was such that even the tolerant Sandy Millar, guardian of the King's Peace in Toomanana, was forced to intervene and conduct him to jail. As the obstreperous alien was led past All Saints' Rectory, the Reverend Cyril, who was donning his pyjamas, heard the uproar. His last thought before he fell asleep was that at any rate his five dollars had helped to put a stop to that sort of thing.

DIES IRAE

I stood at Heaven's port, it was the morning,
The awful morning of the Judgment Day:
Through the clear ether Gabriel went hornning,
Michael in arms stood waiting for the fray.
I was not lonely, there were lads and lasses,
Old cronies and gaffers, millions by the score;
I drew apart from all the teeming masses
To watch the new-comers landing on the shore.

The Sea gave up its dead, I saw them rising,
Crew after crew, the sailors of old days,
And after them, (now this was most surprising),
Swam mermaids from the water's hidden ways.
And fish-wives cried, 'Here comes our sailor-men!'
The prudent salts dived in the sea again.

GEORGE WALTON.



PREFERENCES

HE must be a cold-blooded observer of the Arts in Canada who does not kindle to Bertram Brooker's *Year-Book for 1928-9* which has just come piping hot from the House of Macmillan. For my part I think it a stirring and generous production which ought to be seen by everybody, and especially by those—the number is growing—who think of Canada as a land of the spirit, a land in which the inner life of man can reach out to new findings. For this book is nothing less than a summing up of that inner life, in so far as the arts can be said to measure it. It tells us exactly where we stand, what we have to be proud of, what we have to deplore, what we have to look forward to, in the spiritual life—the intenser artistic and spiritual life—of the nation we belong to. This is what it professes to do and it does it in no half-hearted way, drawing freely on critics, painters, poets, sculptors, musicians, story-tellers, architects, designers, and the rest, from Quebec to British Columbia.

What strikes me first about this handsome volume is its admirable freedom from the provincialism of former years. The contributors—with one or two exceptions only—have risen above it and shown that their minds are wholly absorbed by the dignity and the fascination of the themes they have in hand. The book does not belong to any school, unless it be the School of Today; it is as nearly free as may be from the bickerings and back-scratchings that have disgraced us in the not distant past; there is scarcely a chapter from beginning to end which does not soar above all ignoble smallnesses and challenge us to meet it at its own high level of objective enthusiasm.

The editor's send-off which he calls 'When We Awake' sets the pace for this artistic marathon, and as a critical pronouncement it is worthy to stand beside the works which it announces. It has the rare merit of touching the profoundest issues in art and religion without either striking a hysterical note—so often heard of late years—or landing us in bottomless obscurities. It seems to me that our better students up and down Canada—even High School students—would find nothing here that they could not grasp, and that if this essay could be put in their hands our level of culture and artistic promise would leap upwards in a night, like the spring warmth which steals upon us unawares under an April moon. It is not just that this essay expounds in simple terms the ageless theory of true art, it presents also in clearest analysis the history of recent work in Canada, not as a list of names and titles, but as a clash and succession of tendencies. Reading here we can see the native strain welling up like water through the crannied rocks and flowing soon in a strong tide; smoothly at first, but then, fallen on abstract days, impinging in its headlong course on the strangest of geometrical obstacles—cones, cubes, and spikes, hard as diamond or insubstantial as the ether—and then plunging beyond them

into the deepest of abysses sown with stars above and below, and spilling even into the dark void itself. What a welter of almost incompatible forces and lines of movement. Will it ruin Canadian Art or will it make it again? Will a great supremacy of spiritual life emerge from this local chaos or will all the lines counteract and cancel each other leaving us with a dusty zero. All this is involved in the meaning of the volume before me and there is no mistaking it.

If the book raises a vital question more cogently and explicitly than before, it also answers it. Emotionally, at least; for it is a book which will make optimists of all who read it. Even the despairful commentaries of Carroll Aikins and Merrill Denison on the decay of the Canadian Theatre—a veritable Cock Robin of a funeral dirge—are heartening in their final effect, because each in his way lets out his sincerity and shows the right sort of artistic spirit in defeat. They are handing on a torch, even if they know not to whom. Perhaps we shall find in the end that they are handing it to one another, or all unconsciously passing it from their left hands to their right.

If any feel less convinced than I do of the future of the Canadian Arts, let them go back to that solitary Annual published by the Toronto Arts and Letters Club just before the War. It is only fifteen years ago and yet the change from then to now is amazing. In those days—it seems like the 'day before yesterday'—Tom Thomson was practically unknown, Jim Macdonald was doing nocturnes, and Lawren Harris had never painted a privy. It is difficult to realize that the world was ever like that. And now, in a turn of the hand, Modern Canadian Art has come and—I won't say 'gone again,' though there have been times when I thought it—but passed through a period of achievement to one of transition and uncertainty. It is impossible to see clearly today, but with this book before me I believe blindly in Tomorrow and look forward to new and exhilarating things—new masteries over granite and jack pine and grain elevator and the faces of Canadians, new modellings and shapings of dead clay and dead pigment into startling life, new word-groupings in song and story, new buildings, new decorations, new everything.

As a symbol of this new life, this imminent new life of the Arts and Crafts in our midst, blending the traditions of ten years ago—the smell of pine needles and the click of ice in the spring freshets—with an austere modern simplicity, I would take Elizabeth Wood's study of 'Passing Rain,' a relief in white plaster—though intended to be cut in black marble—of a Canadian island—there is no mistaking the Georgian Bay or its extension northward in these hard rotundities—crowned by a solitary stunted pine-tree, bowed yet more than is its wont by a broad rain-shaft falling in diagonal massiveness from the horizontal cylinders of cloud above it. The union of native and abstract—the two wellnigh irreconcilable halves of the Canadian inspiration today—is here perfectly achieved. The theme is one that only the North Country and the Laurentian formation could have inspired, it has the intimacy and almost the local associations of a Tom Thomson sketch, and, along with that, the severity, proper to the best sculpture, which lifts it out of all geography and associates it with whatever is remote and speculative in the inner mind. I am

reasonably hard-headed and irreligious, yet I cannot resist the temptation to identify this little pine-tree crouching beneath its relentless band of driving rain with the devotional attitude of mankind in all the ages. Here, we might say, is Nature at prayer and in tribulation, suffering what the old prophets suffered in their seasons of trial, and yet—this is the wonder of it—there is no theory, no intrusion of easy theosophy, no forcing the note. It is just a shower of rain, *sub specie aeternitatis*, spontaneously done and strictly in

keeping with the medium in which it is wrought.

Here, if anywhere, is the perfect Canadian ikon, something to hang up on the wall or stand on the mantelpiece and pause before in our goings to and fro. Another foolish and unrealizable idea, some will say, and I admit the unrealizableness of it. But where should we be without our unrealizable ideas? And if we never voice them can we say that they are truly ours?

INCONSTANT READER.

THE SMARMSWORTHS

BY JOHN HURLEY

EVEN the Smarmsworths' garden vainly tried to belie the prairie landscape with its painfully correct Brittanicisms. It assumed the burden which Darrell Smarmsworth never laid down of asserting the essential difference, and the taken-for-granted lesser importance, of that which it overlaid. What Mr. Smarmsworth would have termed a 'bit of a 'edge' struggled gallantly to assume the aspect of sheltering a garden that prided itself on its correct absence of vegetables. None of the best people, as the best people well knew, grew vegetables in front of their houses—at least not back 'ome; and certainly the Smarmsworths were among the best people.

Consider the potatoes! Somewhat bug-bitten, true enough, but properly in their place—the rear of the house. At all costs appearances had to be maintained. The house of the Smarmsworths, by force of circumstances that Mr. Smarmsworth never ceased to deprecate, simply folded its arms and made no effort to live up to the promise of the garden. The effort of maintaining the pose had long since produced in it an air of decrepitude. Harsh winds and the white sun had peeled off a bloom only too obviously superimposed. Rouge on saddle leather!

Darrell Smarmsworth, from a chair in the doorway, surveyed his garden with his habitual air of melancholy. Alternately his glance shifted to his boots. Between the garden and his boots he appeared to find much food for thought. The boots, great clumsy shells of leather baked after numerous baths of mud, turned up to him with piteous pleading. Altogether, Smarmsworth was a sorry, shrunken-looking knight, the armour of whose hurt clanked audibly. Mrs. Smarmsworth fitted her lord and master as the cast fits the mould. At that moment she was apathetically engaged in chopping out pats of dough with an empty baking powder can and putting them into place in a baking pan. The children, for the time being, were out of sight. Like her husband, Mrs. Smarmsworth was undersized and ineffectual looking, although not quite so painfully aware of it. Mr. Smarmsworth's face plainly expressed at all times his amazement at the indifference of the world to his, Darrell Smarmsworth's, qualifications. A slight discouragement, too, was mildly apparent in the derisively few sprouts of hair that dotted his chin—epitaphs to a beard that had gone the way of its master. This

half-hearted aspect was the dominant feature of Smarmsworth. Even as those sparse hairs held intimations of a felt inadequacy, so did Smarmsworth's habitual carriage suggest palpably that he laboured under unjust handicaps, that he was, in brief, not understood.

Possibly this was because he tired much less rapidly than his hearers when pouring out to them a genealogical sequence that linked him with the Smarmsworths of Duxbury, Bucks., 'a very old English family.' Especially was this the case when the recital was being given to a leathery-skinned down-easter, or a stolid Minnesotan. Even the otherwise excellent strategy of offering him a chew of tobacco — the time-honoured prairie gesture of good fellowship—failed to swerve him for a moment from this topic. In fact it widened his opening.

'Ow, I never chew,' his lips would say deprecatingly. But his face expressed more graphically the intense aesthetic pain such an action produced in him.

'Back 'ome, if you know what I mean, we don't go in for that sort of thing much,' he would add. 'Never did it in England.' The tone implied that despite Herculean efforts to seduce him from this allegiance, he would never do it here. In England Smarmsworth had worked for thirty shillings a week on the London and South Western Railway as a car checker. This humble position, by astute shading and selection, became in the 'wine-like air' of the prairie, of large and important proportions. To such an extent, in fact, that the listener was left wondering, if he remained long enough, just how the hiatus caused by Smarmsworth's departure had been filled on the London and South Western Railway. Only at the pressing instigation of his doctor, it appeared, had he reluctantly consented to go abroad.

The Smarmsworths rarely had visitors—with the exception of the Juckleberrys—largely because of the peculiar constraint that hovered about the house during mealtime. Mrs. Smarmsworth, who echoed her husband in all things, did so even more emphatically at mealtimes when there were visitors. Consequently, there were laid snowy napkins and glittering cutlery—conspicuously unsullied by use—calculated to bewilder the plain and earthly homesteaders in the vicinity. Grace before meals was part of the ritual. An attempt at stately dignity that was more pathetic than anything else blended with an unbending graciousness was another uncom-



WINTER AT ST. TITE DES CAPS
By A. Y. JACKSON.

fortable quality imparted by the Smarmsworths. Furthermore, there was a distressingly reminiscent air about the Smarmsworths then that, quite plainly, was meant to convey to the visitor the proud humility with which they—the Smarmsworths—held to the course that duty laid before them; with what noble resignation they accepted the lowly station that God had seen fit to place them in.

'At 'ome, on Sundays', Smarmsworth would say invariably, 'we used to go for nice walks in the country after dinner. Where can you go for walks 'ere?' No answer being forthcoming Smarmsworth would shake his head sadly and glance shyly at the visitor with eyes that said:

'Dear me! But o' course we make the best of it!'

* * *

Darrell Smarmsworth reluctantly looked up from a contemplation of his boots and turned his head slightly in the direction of his wife. Her feeble voice had announced supper. Then back again to his boots. He thought resignedly of a dapper pair of patent leathers he had worn one time back 'ome; and sighed deeply for those happy days. This Empire stuff might be awright for them as liked it. Farmin', he thought, was a bit of a mug's game, what with the price of everything and the climate. As far as he was concerned the bleeding Empire wasn't one of his worries, not now he was here. Camden Town was good enough for him. There were theatres there, and pubs and—yes, why not—women too. A fellow could enjoy hisself all the time. 'Ere a bloke could only . . .

'Supper's ready Darrell and gettin' cold.'

'Oh well, might as well eat. There ain't much else a bloke can do 'ere.' Smarmsworth got up to go into the house. A blood red sunset was tinging the snow capped peaks of the distant Rockies with faint pink. It faintly tinged Smarmsworth's face as he turned. And Smarmsworth's few hairs on his chin glinted back at the sun as though they, too, saw their own funny side.

SNOW OVER FLOWERS

I think that snow will find a way to come
Into your house when you are unprepared
For white conspiracies; I think that snow
Will lie along the window sash, and try
The bolted door, and creep into the cracks
Of warped pine boards. The snow will briefly thrust
Scantling and joist aside and lay chill hands
Upon your hands, provoking threnody.

Then shall I write of hands grown calm, of hands
Slender and pointed, traced with purple thread,
And of the keen, implacable hands of snow
Folded about your wrists as one would fold
Small flowers in a cool compress of white.
I shall invoke the season, lest it go.

LEO KENNEDY.

COMMENT AND DIGRESSIONS ON ART

LAST month's exhibitions at the Art Gallery of Toronto brought out an interesting contrast between what was considered Canadian art sixty-five years ago and Canadian art today.

The paintings of Otto Jacobi, owned and loaned by Mr. Thomas Jenkins of Toronto, and the more progressive pictures by members of the Ontario Society of Artists gave material for contrast, comparisons, comment and digressions. Travelling from the large gallery where the Jacobi paintings were hung to the room filled with work by modern Canadian painters, a tolerant and well-meaning onlooker will repeat as an apology for the Jacobis and as an extenuation of the alert little pictures by Ontario leaders, the universal adage: 'Other days, other customs,' thus trying to include under the same classification of art, fashions of art and pure art.

As an answer to this kindly view here repose the old-fashioned pictures by this native son of Koenigsberg who was overwhelmed by the bigness of the Canadian scenery but never saw it with the naked eye, as will testify his sentimental German canvases bearing Canadian titles. Sure enough he marvelled at Shawinigan Falls as he did at Niagara, and he used good-sized pieces of canvas in his attempt to interpret their bigness, but he was the product of a school and his style was not of a calibre that stood development or new influences. Despite the fact that he painted big subjects his paintings have no other bigness than the conventional one of scale. His tiny men at the foot of his rockscapes give height to these in the same sense that to the well-acquainted reader of maps the scales in their margin mean mileage. Once a fashionable painter, Jacobi responded to his popularity by producing popular work which today seems no longer in style. As with this painter we deal mostly with style we can best speak of his art in a Requiem.

It is indeed a long way from the sunsets and sunrises of this late Prussian-Canadian artist to the vigorous little pictures by Ontario painters which we saw in November. All the background missing on the Jacobi side is, in the case of these contemporaries, plentiful, actively influential, and together with the Canadian landscape a live source of inspiration. When weakness is there, the brush is guilty, not the artist's vision or understanding of his subject. There are degrees in the aesthetic achievements of these painters but what an impressive unity of purpose. A few heads overtop this group of progressive artists, the others follow, but even in their following they remain sensitive and responsive to their surrounding and own individual inspiration more than would appear to the style of their leaders.

Men like A. Y. Jackson and J. E. H. MacDonald are so profoundly familiar with the landscape which they interpret, and their craftsmanship is so achieved, that every individual picture of the small group they contributed to last month's exhibition seems to be part of a continuous and beautiful theme from which every detail is as complete and as important in itself as it is in relation to the whole creative work to which it belongs. The snowscapes by Jackson with their trails

of footsteps and their swift sleighs belong to the same country where MacDonald finds bold little red roofs crowning the glory of green trees and the mellowness of harvested fields. So A. Y. Jackson is attracted by the loneliness of the snow-covered plains and the poetry of the joyous twinkling of bells that tell of a passing sleigh. MacDonald, in the sketches he contributed, shows a love for the completeness and the serenity of the last days of summer with all that it embodies: a symbol of peace, of labour now achieved, of contentment and meditation. Less responsive to nature in an emotional way but using its forms to express their respective personalities, Arthur Lismer and Lawren Harris each appeared in this exhibit as a lone dweller in his own art field. The trees of Lismer with their outstretched branches, ascetic and prophetic, have the symbolic features of pioneers. They are daring and aggressive. They are robust and enduring. They are also solitary and proud. They do not invite you by their prettiness or charm. They challenge you with their sharp personality. They dare you to say that they are just ugly trees growing on rocks, and they laugh at you from the clouds over which they rest their head in absolute haughtiness.

The mountain forms and lake designs by Harris are all at once pure science and pure art. (The two are one at the extreme poles of human expression.) An aristocrat of the brush this painter is equipped with a superb background of craftsmanship, and he uses everything he knows as though it all came to him for the first time and unexpectedly. Subject matter as such does not tempt him. His understanding of aesthetic values is detached, his emotionability is moved only by the creation of plastic and rhythmic forms. The colours he uses are cold as crystal. They are also light and abstract. In company with the pictures by these four artists there were many that would never have been painted if their elders (not necessarily in age) had not created work as significant, yet in the pictures of several of them one traces more than the faithfulness of good disciples, and men like George Kulmala, J. S. Hallam, and Charles Comfort show distinct signs of awakening leadership.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.

PERSICOS ODI

Boy, for luxurious gauds of the Persian
I have a cultured, quite Grecian aversion;
Chaplets of linden-bark, gorgeously twined,
Charm not my simple and pastoral mind;
Seek not for me, through the wood's scented gloom,
The spot where the late roses linger in bloom:

Add not a thing to the green myrtle's grace;
Simple and cool it is, fitting this place;
Decking you prettily while you are serving me,
And (if you've spent the least time in observing me)
Feetly, you'll see, 'neath this dark arch of vine,
It rests on my brow as I sip the light wine.

JOSEPH SCHULL.

DUALITY

An idle schooner sends her solemn hull
Beneath the pure-white of a floating gull,
And with gay indecorum, downward casts
A tawny pair of giddy, dancing masts.
Her rugged life has little time for play;
But here she moves in such a shocking way!
To think a sombre schooner would design
Those shapes so lively and so serpentine!

ALAN B. CREIGHTON.

"Nothing Counts in Art but the Excellent."—Emerson.

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TAKE DUNDAS CARS



MORE ADVENTUROUS GENTLEMEN

THE WINTERING PARTNERS ON PEACE RIVER, by J. N. Wallace (Thorburn and Abbott; pp. 139; \$2.00).

DOMINION OF CANADA, REPORT OF THE PUBLIC ARCHIVES FOR THE YEAR 1928, by Arthur G. Doughty (The King's Printer, Ottawa; pp. 77; 25 cents).

AMONG the interesting items of the Dominion's Archivist's Report for 1928 are two which have a more or less direct connection with the review article of last month on the journals of Kelsey and of Duncan M'Gillivray. One of these, an account of the Beaver Trade Agreement of 1700, between the Farmer of the Western Domain and the Colony of Canada, gives incidentally some idea of the importance of the beaver trade via Hudson's Bay during the years between the Treaties of Ryswick (1697) and Utrecht (1713), during which York Fort was in the possession of the French. The other, Appendix E, entitled 'Some Account of the Trade Carried on by the North-West Company,' is an excellent summary of the general trading conditions of the Company about the year 1808, preceded by a brief account of the fur trade between the time of the British conquest of Canada and the forming of the united North-West Company, and accompanied by an account of the various Indian tribes with which the Company traded. It is considered by the editor to be by Duncan M'Gillivray, writer of the Journal, and has been revised with notes, by his brother, the great William M'Gillivray himself, who survived Duncan. As the Foreword says, the Account is 'an exposition of the operations of the Company, the benefits of the trade to the Indian, and above all to the English manufacturer. It emphasizes the part played by the fur-trader in keeping the Indians loyal to the British Empire.' A pamphlet of 1811, *On the Origin and Progress of the North-West Co.*, a copy of which is to be found in the Public Reference Library of Toronto, is based on the 'Account', and copies extensively from it. The latter document discloses the purpose for which both were evidently written, the securing of a charter from the British government. Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the 'Account' is to be found in a note on the difficulty of persuading the Plains Indians to work for the Company. They needed nothing which the traders could give them, until an appetite for luxuries, notably rum and ammunition, had been worked up. William M'Gillivray says quite frankly in a note: 'The truth is they could not be induced to hunt but for the sake of the liquor—I doubt much if all the other supply they receive would be sufficient to keep them in humour or insure safety to the People amongst them.' The origin of the old locks at Sault Ste. Marie and of Fort William (called after William M'Gillivray) form other interesting features of Appendix E.

Mr. Wallace's volume gives us a very systematic account of the opening up to trade of the Peace River country, as the Duncan M'Gillivray Journal, with its

Introduction, does of the Saskatchewan River district. There are some interesting excerpts from a journal kept at Dunvegan in 1806. This journal illustrates in very compelling fashion the power wielded by the men in charge of the different posts, as one or two quotations will show.

Thursday, 1 May. . . . Marcellais, who promised to hire this winter, was asked to sign his agreement. He said he never intended to hire for three years, nor that he ever promised to hire. He disputed for some time with Mr. McLeod, and contradicted him. At that Mr. McLeod got vexed, and gave him a few blows. After that he asked him if he preferred signing, or, as a rascal as he is, to be clapped in irons. He accepted of the latter and immediately was fettered. Mr. McLeod asked him a second time if he would sign. He answered that he would sooner suffer any punishment than sign. His hands were tied with a cord behind his back, which hurt him so much that he instantly asked to sign. His demand being complied with, his hands were untied, but he remained in irons for the night.

Thursday, 24 April. . . . Some meat was put out yesterday to dry and Nasplette watched it for some one would take it. The only one known to be guilty is Martineau, whom Mr. McLeod spoke to, and in order to punish him he took his wife and gave her to M. Cadieu, who is more able to maintain her, Martineau being much in debt.

This despotic Mr. McLeod was one of the 'wintering partners' of the North-West Company. The Hudson's Bay local officials were employees of the Company, but the men in charge of the chief North-West posts were actually partners in the 'Concern.' Nominally, they controlled sixty per cent. of the voting power of the Company, the remainder being held by the partners who remained in Montreal. Mr. Wallace informs us that the latter managed to hold more than the forty per cent. voting power which this arrangement would seem to leave them. The annual meeting, evidently a gala occasion, was held at Grand Portage on Lake Superior, later at Fort William. There the two groups of partners met, either in person or by proxy.

The Wintering Partners needed to be, and were, men of unusual energy, courage, and force of character. Most of them seem to have been men of mighty physique as well. Conditions on the Peace lacked some of the peculiarly fascinating characteristics of those on the Saskatchewan, the situation of which on the border between the great plains and the northern forest belt made for especially perilous and dramatic encounters, as we can see from Duncan M'Gillivray's Journal. But the roll-call of men as the independent traders, and later the North-West Company, push the trading forts steadily westward up the Peace River, contains a succession of names which every Canadian knows or ought to know. Sinister Pond, the murderer; Alexander Mackenzie; Simon Fraser; David Thompson; Daniel Williams Harmon; these are only some of the more prominent of the trader-explorers who established posts or were stationed in posts, all along the mighty river from Lake Athabaska on over the Rockies.

Mr. Wallace's book is an account, written by a practical explorer and surveyor who knows his Peace River well, of the activities of these men and others from, as he says, 'the earliest records to the Union in 1821' of the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies.

J. D. ROBINS.

THE MACHINE AGE

MEN AND MACHINES, by Stuart Chase (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 354; \$2.50).

MODERN ARCHITECTURE, by Bruno Taut (The Studio; pp. 212; 30/-).

WHEN James Watt hit upon the idea of the condenser, which was to transform Newcomen's crude, clanking steam-engine into a reasonably effective machine, he discovered a new magic which was more potent than that possessed by all the magicians and geni of the ancient folk-tales. Although machinery had been in existence before that time, it touched hardly at all the life of the ordinary man, but this mechanical stallion of Watt's was fruitful and multiplied, and before a century had gone by its progeny was surging across the face of the earth in an irresistible stampede. Today our industrial wagon is hitched to more than a billion horse-power, and we are not quite sure whether we are driving hell-for-leather towards Utopia or if our steed, with the bit between his teeth, is running away with us and we are shortly due for a glorious smash-up.

The machine has destroyed so much that was manifestly good, and it has produced so much that is obviously bad that endless controversy has arisen between its supporters and its critics as to whether the final balance should be shown in red ink or in black. In this polemic the critics had it pretty much their own way for the greater part of the nineteenth century, and practically the whole of the intelligentia, philosophers, artists, and poets were unanimous in condemning the machine, both on humanitarian and aesthetic grounds. In *Men and Machines*, Stuart Chase gives us a vivid picture of the worker's condition during the early stages of industrialism in England:—

The loss of economic independence; miserable wages; unemployment; hideously long hours; monotonies, fatigues, and repressions on an unprecedented scale; new diseases, epidemics, accidents, a mounting death rate; the employment and destruction—physical and moral—of women and little children; slums, barracks, cellars, noise, dirt, smoke, a devastating ugliness in working place and living place; the play and education of the village culture gone, and nothing to replace it . . . With this nightmare all about him is it to be wondered that Samuel Butler, in cold ferocity, wrote *Erewhon*? Or Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*; Zola, *Germinal*; Marx, *Das Kapital*? . . . If, in 1850, a balance had been struck between the gains and losses of machinery, no sane man would have been in doubt as to the result.

Much of the antagonism which is still held in intellectual circles is based on this literary tradition, and nearly all the criticism of the machine age comes from people who have little direct contact with machinery, and no practical knowledge of modern industrial conditions. The actual machine tender may feel that he is a wage-slave, but as a rule he has no consciousness of being a slave of the machine. This is particularly true of the highly-developed industries, which have been organized for some time. In the Indian jute mills, Chinese textile factories, and newly industrialized regions nearer home, we can find the same wretched conditions that existed in England in the middle of the last century. The machine is not at fault, but it is rather that a whole series of adaptations in the social structure are needed before it can be fitted comfortably into the life of the people. The recent improvements that have been made in environ-

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ment and technique have already given large numbers of machine operators a sense of well-being equal at least to that possessed by manual workers of any other age, and it is significant that the Russian proletariat is just as enthusiastic about turbines, Diesel engines, and tractors as the up-to-date Capitalist of Great Britain, the United States, or Germany. Mr. Chase admits the risks—uniformity, specialization, speed-up, and—worst of all—the threat of mechanized warfare, but he sees 'nothing in the list to cause us to turn our backs, with Mr. Oswald Spengler, upon machinery forever.'

Unlike Stuart Chase, who is a rather cautious apologist for the tendencies of today, Bruno Taut is joyfully and whole-heartedly a modernist. He is the prophet of the new aesthetic, which may be summarized in three short sentences:—'Everything that functions well, looks well.' 'If everything is founded on sound efficiency, this efficiency itself, or rather its utility, will form its own aesthetic law.' 'The aim of architecture is the creation of the perfect, and therefore also beautiful, efficiency.' To many artists who regard tradition with some reverence, the numerous photographs in *Modern Architecture* will be startling rather than pleasing, and there is even more dynamite in the letter-press of the book than in the illustrations. Architecture, more than any of the other arts, is obliged to maintain a close relation to the existing social and economic structure, and Professor Taut believes that the architect might profitably devote more attention to anticipating the needs of the future and spend less of his time in absorbing and reproducing the beauties of centuries that are dead as Queen Anne.

The old times can never be resuscitated, and it must be their atmosphere of mould and decay that exercises that strange power of suggestion which fogs the brains of the otherwise clear thinkers of the present. The resort to graveyards and the love of ghosts seem in truth to express a passion for the past. And yet life among the ruins of past culture is surely nothing better than self-deception or illusion, bearing no relationship to real existence.

The fine buildings of the past were not designed to express some abstract idea of beauty, but each architectural type was deeply rooted in its special social environment, as, for instance, the Gothic cathedrals, where the design grew out of the prevailing theological beliefs, and even the ornament might be considered as a 'kind of incantation'. The classic temples of Greece expressed the current mythology, but what do the Corinthian or Ionic columns on a modern bank building express? Surely the last place in the world where one would search for Pan would be the vaults of a modern banking institution. The modern architect lives in an age of power machinery, of mass production, of rapid transit, and the clear constructional needs of these things must dictate the suitable forms of the new architecture. In those countries where there is a definite swing towards collectivism, in Germany, Russia, and, to a lesser degree in Great Britain, the change in social relationships is already reflected in the new designs for housing. The individual house is standardized, and the street, or a larger area, is considered as an architectural unit. In North America there is little to be seen of a modern movement, although here 'matter itself is working in the direction of a new architecture'. Engineering achievements such as the

Brooklyn Bridge, some of the skyscrapers, and the massive concrete terminal grain elevators point in that direction.

The machine is here to stay for some time. Even in those countries where the peasant culture still predominates, Russia, China, India, machine production is gradually taking the place of hand production. *Modern Architecture* is evidence that some artists are beginning to accept this condition and to say 'King Handicraft is dead, long live King Machine!'

J. F. WHITE.

OLD LADY WHITEOAK

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 384; \$2.00).

SLIGHTLY more than two years ago Miss de la Roche wrote herself into popularity with that strong, though slightly chaotic novel, *Jalna*. Americans and Canadians in all corners of the continent found it a pleasing work and sighed for more. And more was needed. *Jalna*, with all its virtues, closed with strings untied, incidents unfinished.

Whiteoaks of Jalna relieves in a large measure the feeling of suspense with which the first novel closed. Once again, Miss de la Roche has gathered together the family of her mind, though she has had to strain coincidence to entice some of them back to the old Ontario homestead. Once again, then, we see before us all the members of the strange Whiteoak clan. A pleasant experience it is, too, for after *Jalna*, the reading of this new novel is similar to meeting friends from whom we have been separated for a long time. For whatever faults Miss de la Roche may have (and they are few), she knows how to draw characters who live and die, love and hate, and even eat and sleep like human beings and not like stuffed sawdust dolls moved by invisible strings.

In this new novel old Grandma Whiteoak, now a ripe centenarian, still holds the centre of the stage until, three-quarters-way through the book, she drops her chin upon her breast, breathes a parting sigh, and closes her dimmed eyes forever. Death had caught her at last, caught her even as she played backgammon, swooping away with her spirit before the game was finished. But Death's victory is not complete. The spectre of the old lady hangs over the family, even to the last chapter; grim as a medieval gargoyle, she perches on the family roof-tree, controlling, commanding, and dictating, even as she had done in life. Grandma Whiteoak, without question, is the Gargantuan creation of the de la Roche imagination; she overshadows all the others in both books and, when she dies, we feel sorry; we know that we are not likely to meet her again in the realm of fiction.

Around old lady Whiteoak, the other members of the family continue to revolve in this addition to the Whiteoak saga. The turning wheel of fictional creation has brought young Finch into the foreground, for this youngster, faintly sketched before, now becomes a centre of the author's interest. With Finch, Miss de la Roche has attempted a study in adolescence. She pictures him as a sensitive, artistic lad, misunderstood by his eldest brother



Renny, and hated, almost, by the majority of the family. We see Finch in the throes of calf-love; we see him escape to New York, where he hopes to find happiness; we see him attempt suicide when the Whiteoak opposition becomes too strong; and—at the end—we see him inherit the Whiteoak fortune. The picture is not always a satisfactory one; at times it sags badly, causing the reader to pause and wonder if the author really knows and understands the problems and experiences of boyhood.

The tangled loves in the first book are only partially worked out in this new work. Alayne and Renny are on the borders of happiness as we leave them; Eden is trying out new loves; and Piers and Pheasant are stumbling along the mediocre way. As for the young Finch, his great love is left unfinished and unsung, and we faintly suspect that he will find new fields in the near future.

The second *Jalna* has the strong stylistic qualities of the first. The prose is forceful, straightforward, honest prose. Once or twice it gets hysterical but recovers its balance again before it is too late. And, as has been already said, the characterization is strong. Even the delicate Wakefield, precocious little devil, is drawn so firmly that he holds his place in the family group without difficulty.

Finally, whatever has been said to the contrary, it is better to have read *Jalna* before you read *Whiteoaks of Jalna*. Not that the second book is in any way incomprehensible without the first; it has its own story and is, in a way, entire. But the second is helped by the first, even as the first is by the second. If you have read one, read the other. If you have read neither, read both. For Miss de la Roche is a clever novelist and her books are really worth selecting from the staggering mass of modern fiction.

S. E. READ.

A MASTER OF CARICATURE

FAMOUS WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS, THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1757-1827) (The Studio Ltd; pp. 10, and 8 large colour plates; 5/-).

WHO claimed that Thomas Rowlandson, the English caricaturist and humorist of the late eighteenth century, never attained the beautiful, and lacked refinement in his art? Perhaps someone who thought of beauty in terms of virtue and goodness, and in this case the husky and life-loving Rowlandson would have no retort, as will testify his 'Landing at Greenwich,' a reproduction of which is included in the eight colour plates of this book.

In this well-known wash drawing the artist depicts, with understanding and sympathy, love-famished sailors and easy-going seaport girls, all somewhat inebriated and taking part in a free-for-all meet of love and gay drinking.

Should refinement be taken solely to qualify the trait of those who never depart from an accepted code of etiquette and subdued parlour manner, then indeed, Rowlandson has missed that quality too.

'Coarse and offensive,' was this work pronounced by the highly respectable nineteenth-century people of his native country. So we are told by Osbert Sitwell, who wrote the introduction to this book, but Mr.

Sitwell does not agree at all with that statement. A worthy commentator of Thomas Rowlandson, he frankly expresses his unreserved admiration for this beautiful artist and his beautiful art, and his disdainful opinion of 'the complacency of the Victoria age,' which did not give Rowlandson the rank he deserved. In a spirit akin to that of the master whose name he upholds, the writer of this widely comprehensive note on the great English humorist speaks his mind and remains undisturbed before his audience. If twice we fail to know all that which he has to say, the censorship of the editor is to blame, the writer's boldness is not at fault.

It is indeed rare to find so much character in an introductory note, usually destined to merely accompany with a single bow a brilliant set of reproductions of some of the works of a great artist. The treat which one finds so unexpectedly is here made particularly memorable because of the artist and the art Osbert Sitwell interprets. After I have completely read the comment on Rowlandson and many times enjoyed the most satisfying colour plates which illustrate this book, I feel that with it and through it the art of Rowlandson may at last come to its own, for as we go on speaking of greatness in association with the names of Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, Max Beerbohm and George Grosz (who is considered by many as the most powerful of living satirists) we forget that their master, not yet surpassed by any of them is Thomas Rowlandson.

This tribute to the great English humorist,—who could interpret with equal mastery and as refined a draughtsmanship and beautiful and delicate a palette, scenes as different as 'Boodles Club Fete at Ranelagh,' where a fine lyricism and a Watteau-like mannerism so subtly cover all underlying satirism, and 'The Swing,' this humorous and lively description of red-faced old men gazing with mouths wide open at the graceful and alluring figure of an agile young lady, way up in the air on the swing—is in itself a compliment to The Studio Ltd., and to Mr. Sitwell, and to their fine sense of discrimination.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.

THE SECRET SERVICE

SPY AND COUNTER-SPY: The Development of Modern Espionage, by Richard Wilmer Rowan (Viking Press-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 322; \$3.50).

THERE is a fascination about the spy. In him are blended those elements of mystery and drama so dear to the hearts of fiction writers. He may be the heroic secret service agent, nobly working amid imminent dangers to save his country from the machinations of her enemies; or he may be the base hireling of a foreign power whose sinister designs are thwarted in the nick of time; but, hero or villain, he is such stuff as thrillers are made of, and his disappearance would be an unconscionable loss to literature.

But there is far more than that to the spy. In real life his activities, except for rare moments, are apt to be prosaic to the verge of routine. But his place in the affairs of nations, suspicious as they are of the activities of even those neighbours whose friendship is most ardently professed, has been an important one from the earliest days of civilization; and that importance has increased rather than diminished through the centuries. 'In times of peace,' says the

author of the volume under review, 'espionage is a sort of economical substitute for armed hostilities. But in war the spy is the prince of deadly weapons, the only ancient weapon still in use.'

Not only that; the nature and function of the spy has remained largely unchanged from the earliest times. Mr. Rowan finds his prototypes in the twelve tribesmen whom Moses sent to spy out the land, and in Moses himself he sees a model spy-master. 'After the usual consultation with Jehovah, he was ready to give explicit directions for aggressive secret service.' And spy-masters since, through Frederick the Great and Stieber to the most modern director of intelligence, have simply adapted the methods of the Oriental seer to the particular conditions of modern warfare.

It is this adaptation which Mr. Rowan records in this most interesting volume. The author, himself associated with the propaganda work which has become something of an affiliated branch of the secret service, has had occasion to observe the workings of the system and to collect information not readily accessible to the outsider. His instances, naturally, are drawn chiefly from the war, and from the exploits of agents no longer concerned with active work, and we are forced to take on trust his statement that 'The Treaty of Versailles had yet to be drafted and the Teutonic bail bond fixed when all the triumphant Allies set straightway to work, spying upon one another as if that were the only way to safeguard a victor's share of the spoils.' But his anecdotes of the exploits of the various services during the war give a full picture of modern methods, and present no lack of instances of ingenuity and daring on the part of individual agents.

No less interesting is his account of the methods of counter-espionage which were developed as a defence against 'the prince of deadly weapons.' In wartime such a defence was vital; it might mean all the difference between an effective surprise attack—like those on the Western front in 1918—and complete military disintegration such as overtook Russia, whose service was honeycombed, even in the highest quarters, with German agents. And in this connection he has a good word to say for that much-abused figure, the wartime censor, to whose activities more than one notable capture is credited. In this connection, too, the ancient myth of German cleverness in espionage is pretty well exploded, while the activities of British agents are shown to be something of a model of thoroughness and ingenuity.

Nor is the spy wholly a military weapon; there are indications that he is becoming increasingly important as a civil agent as well. With this side of espionage Mr. Rowan is concerned only in passing, though his account of the activities of the *Okhrana* and the *Cheka* is not the least interesting part of his narrative. He does, however, warn his American readers against dismissing such activities as characteristic only of despotic governments. 'It appears that no country or people has ever required so many spies per capita or suffered such generous official, semi-official, and purely officious espionage as the American nation today.' But he does well not to go into this less inspiring side of his subject. When the spy becomes a civil nuisance he is apt to lose all vestige of glamour.

E. W. McINNIS.

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NATIVE AND IMPORTED TRADITION

THE GERMAN INFLUENCE IN DANISH LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by J. W. Eaton (Cambridge University Press; pp. ix, 208; 12/6).

PERHAPS this book is more aptly described by its sub-title—'The German Circle in Copenhagen, 1750-1770.' This group of writers—journalists, poets, educationists, and what not—is scarcely accounted momentous in the world today. Klopstock alone is immediately recalled—though he is seldom studied—by the modern reader. The rest—Gerstenberg, Elias Schlegel, Basedow, etc.—are as nearly forgotten as writers can be without being obliterated. We may think we know Elias Schlegel, but the chances are that we confuse him with his nephews; if we remember Basedow it is probably because of that famous helping of chicken which he neglected to consume at Coblenz, little suspecting that this omission was to be his trump card with posterity; while Gerstenberg lies higgledy-piggledy with Gryphius, Grillparzer, Grimmelshausen, and Grabbe in some undergraduate corner of the brain.

This is a minor chapter in the history of European literature. Yet a peculiar and lasting interest attaches to it by virtue of what came after. The situation was more vital than it could possibly have seemed then. Here were two nations, a small and a great, each of which had yet to establish its cultural independence in the modern world. Denmark was soon to throw off the German encroachment and assert once for all the priority within its territory of the native language and traditions; Germany was to do the same with French culture at about the same time, only more vehemently and with profounder results. Meanwhile the battle was unwon, both in Berlin where the taboo of Frederick the Great lay heavy upon all that was not written in French and in Copenhagen where Frederick V and his minister Bernsdorff habitually favoured their German visitors at the expense of native talent. It is scarcely too much to say that the German circle in Denmark owed its existence to the official attitude in the two capitals and its reverberations in the provinces. Such at least is the impression conveyed by Mr. Eaton in his lucid and well-informed pages.

The interest which attaches to these fore-runners and to this literary interplay between two nationalities is one which the Canadian reader is well fitted to appreciate. The struggle between native and imported traditions, between the creative mind and the political, between narrow orthodoxy and the free spirit—all so strongly in evidence in this country—is illuminated by the German literary invasion of Copenhagen in a way which brings the inner problems vividly before us. The very unimpressiveness of the story enhances its reality for us; we can put our insignificant selves in the midst without too much incongruity, we can substitute local names for foreign and make frankly domestic comparisons.

The moral, if there is one, must be that in the matter of literary influences you cannot prognosticate or dogmatize. The Germans in Copenhagen

did more in the long run to help Danish literature than to hurt it and they can claim their share of credit for the spiritual expulsion of things German which followed hard upon their stay; at Potsdam Frederick the Great merely threw an official boulder into a stream which flowed the faster in its deflected channel. The spirit always finds its way and nothing seems to matter.

Incidentally, this is one of the few, the very few, pieces of solid Germanic scholarship executed in Canada. It was written while the author was still Professor of German Literature at the University of Saskatchewan.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE

THUCYDIDES AND THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY, by Charles Norris Cochrane (Oxford University Press; pp. 180; \$3.00).

IN this lively and challenging book the author insists upon the scientific attitude of Thucydides, and seeks to establish a parallel of method and style between his History and the medical writings that go under the name of Hippocrates. There can be no two opinions on the general question: the greatness of Thucydides is that he broke away from the story—telling instinct of his predecessors. In this he was unfortunately not followed by his successors, as Professor Cochrane makes clear in his analysis of later Greek historians from this point of view. This survey should be read by all students of ancient history, and the section on Polybius is especially illuminating. Further, that Thucydides steered a middle course between mere statements of fact and vague speculation in history, and in this followed the theories which the writer of *Ancient Medicine* establishes in medicine is lucidly explained, and a number of Thucydean passages are, in this connection discussed in a new light. But to assert that the Hippocratean corpus had a definite influence on the great historian begs the question, for the date of those medical works is far from being definitely established. Professor Cochrane does, indeed, give one or two striking parallels of style and vocabulary. But such a thesis obviously depends upon an accumulation of evidence which, if included, would no doubt have made the book too technical for the public for whom, partly at least, it is intended. I venture to hope, however, that the data upon which the author's own conviction is obviously based, will soon be made available to scholars, for it should throw new light not only on Thucydides, but also on the writings of 'Hippocrates.'

In his enthusiasm for the scientific point of view, Professor Cochrane is at times inclined to pit science against philosophy as if they were incompatible, instead of, as he himself tells us elsewhere, complementary; as when he tells us that: 'Scientifically, the Cleisthenic idea was not, as Plato supposes, a declension from the ideal, but rather an advance upon all existing types . . . Surely, scientifically, it was neither an advance nor a degeneration, but merely a change. Once we introduce the notion of progress, we go beyond mere science. So also the 'physical determinism' with which Thucy-

Thucydides is credited, since it includes a belief in order and progress, as well as justice, should not be called purely scientific. Indeed the man who wrote the Melian dialogue was no mere scientist (few good scientists are). We are further told that 'While Plato blindly worshipped an idol already in his day fallen, (i.e. Sparta), Thucydides turned with contempt from that idol which, while it still stood, had, as he well realized, feet of clay.' The antithesis is thoroughly Thucydidean, but, though he saw its faults, the historian undoubtedly shared the general Greek admiration for the venerable Spartan constitution, while, on the other hand, Plato has some hard things to say about it.

Finally, we may note that Thucydides was not always as impartial as readers of this book might be led to believe: indeed his famous opinion of the tyrants merely repeats, with deceptively detached conciseness, the current Greek prejudice; and Cleon was probably a far abler man than Thucydides' picture of him.

But even though Professor Cochrane is somewhat over-zealous in the cause of science, he has given us a valuable study of Thucydides' outlook and method, and his readers will find themselves returning to the History of the Peloponnesian war with renewed enjoyment and deeper understanding.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

DRAMA AND MELODRAMA

PIXERECOURT AND THE FRENCH ROMANTIC DRAMA, by A. Lacey (University of Toronto Press; pp. 88).

PROFESSOR LACEY'S short study is a useful contribution to a very complicated question—the debt of Romantic Drama to Melodrama. His method is expeditious. He decides to concentrate on a few of Pixerecourt's plays. Within these narrow limits the study is well-arranged, logically worked out and neatly summed up. But the limits are much too narrow to permit the author to make a real contribution to knowledge. Time after time Professor Lacey skims lightly over a question that, studied a little more seriously, might have considerably strengthened his thesis. We are informed, in an effort to convince us that the Romantics were not unaware of the existence of melodrama, that 'another play by Nodier, *Bertram* (1821), though called a 'tragédie', was really a melodrama.' A note sends us to Glachant's *Essai Critique*. Even if we are not to learn of Maturin's tremendous influence on Hugo and his circle we might be informed of his part in this play which Nodier merely translated. Hugo knew the English (or Irish) original so well that he used quotations from it as chapter headings for one of his novels.

Such light skimming over the surface may be justified in a popular essay but this work has all the paraphernalia of a thesis and as such it must be judged. The bibliography is given as 'a list of books or articles of which considerable use has been made.' Some of them are never mentioned in the footnotes and one wonders what considerable use was made of them or why it was not acknowledged. Others appear in footnotes and not in the bibliography. In a work of this kind the bibliography should include all works quoted

unless full bibliographical details are given in the footnotes, for the reader has a right to know whether the quotations are exact. One example will suffice. On page 27 Professor Lacey writes 'Il a fait' says Gautier 'des charpentes de drames aussi enchevêtrées que les forêts des cathédrales.' His note to this extraordinary quotation is 'Gautier, *L'Histoire du Romantisme* p. 25.' What edition? My edition (Paris 1907) reads 'Boucharde avait ce tempérament naïf et compliqué qui faisait enchevêtrer aux ouvriers du moyen âge les inextricables forêts des cathédrales . . .'. Professor Lacey's edition may be a better one but there can be no valid reason for keeping it secret.

Nor is there any justification for the abuse of quotation marks throughout the work—frequently to enclose misquotations from the Bible, Shakespeare, or, still more exasperating, French commonplaces that would have been better in English. Some pages, as a result of this fad, appear to be suffering from typographical measles. There are too many misprints and other errors that one could wish charitably to ascribe to the printer. At times the effort to extract information from the very narrow subject under discussion leads to *naïvetés* that are positively funny. We are solemnly informed that Marion de Lorme (Marion Delorme?) is the real hero of the play that bears her name. That appears to have been the opinion of Hugo when he chose the title.

The subject did not contain material for more than a good student's essay and it is not surprising therefore that Professor Lacey has been unable to extract more from it.

H. ASHTON.

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WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND

PRIMITIVE BELIEFS IN THE NORTH-EAST OF SCOTLAND, by J. M. McPherson (Longmans, Green and Co.; pp. xii, 310; \$5.00).

The material in this book is divided into two parts, the first on survivals of Nature Worship, the second on the Black Art, or Witchcraft. The first contains accounts of observances connected with the four ancient fire festivals, Beltane, Hallowe'en, Midsummer, and Yule. Other usages connected with fire are to be found in the chapters devoted to the Needfire and other chapters. There are chapters on Holy Wells, Spirits of the Waters, of Trees, Stones, etc. A special chapter is given to the Spirit of the Corn, familiar to all readers of *The Golden Bough*, another to the Fairies, to various superstitions linked up with birth, marriage, and death, and finally one on Devil-Worship.

This part of the work, as indeed the whole book, suffers by comparison with such books as Rhys' *Celtic Folk-Lore*, which suggests itself here by reason of its vivid discussion of the holy wells and the water spirits, for instance, through the compilatory nature of the treatment. Very little of the material seems to have been gathered at first hand, except in so far as delving into old church records can be regarded as first hand collecting. While some instances are adduced of recent date, in most chapters the reader is left with the general impression of being served up very cold dishes. The sources themselves, always faithfully acknowledged in foot-notes, are often, at least in the cases of those with which the present reviewer is acquainted, compilations from other collections. From the standpoint of general interest, too, there is too much repetition of circumstances which differ from each other only in difference of locality. This is particularly true of the holy wells pilgrimages. The enumerative character of much of this makes a good dissertation, but not a popular book. Its scientific value is impaired by paucity of first-hand folk contribution. One cannot but wish that Mr. McPherson had done more conversing with old parishioners of his and less with seventeenth-century presbytery minutes. To be sure, the available information is much scantier in present-day Scotland than in regions such as those which Dr. Puckett taps for his meaty *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro*.

The section on The Black Art is more satisfactory, though even here the

material is drawn mostly from official records of witch trials in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is, however, less overlapping of matter and greater detail. We are told quite a good deal about the so-called witches' Sabbaths, mostly, of course, from the confessions under torture of accused persons. Some statements there are which purport to be entirely voluntary. But evidence of the type accessible to Mr. McPherson, or indeed to any investigators of to-day, is of too untrustworthy a character to be of actual value. At any rate, the recently revived controversy over the various problems arising out of the study of mediaeval and early modern witchcraft are not likely to be settled by this volume.

One dislikes to seem ungracious toward a work which shows evidence of such painstaking and intelligent delving into venerable records and such careful perusal of the work of other scholars in the field, but one cannot pretend enthusiasm over a rather cold handling of a fascinating subject.

J. D. R.

BOOKS ON ART

A HISTORY OF BRITISH WATER COLOUR PAINTING, by H. M. Cundall (Batsford; pp. xix, 236; 25/-).

This would be my first choice for a Christmas present among the new illustrated books. The price seems a little steep, but not when you consider that the book contains sixty-four water-colours in excellent reproduction—this works out at less than ten cents apiece—to say nothing of the very useful letter-press which accompanies the drawings and is invaluable for reference on the history of the subject.

Perhaps I am not an impartial judge. I have an incorrigible weakness—in-corrigeable it must seem to some in all this bizarre modernity—for old water-colours in the English tradition. I would walk any distance to see a really good Girtin or Cotman, they are among the few things that make me thoroughly contented with my British ancestry. I feel for those old watercolour men what I feel for Wordsworth—no less—and I sometimes ask myself why he should be so famous and they so little regarded. For if there is evidence anywhere of a truly Classical bent of mind—grave, solid, yet full of intimate charm—arising spontaneously on English soil—it is surely here in this—strange irony!—in this most fragile of mediums, rather than in any of the poets. A beautiful world it is that these old draughtsmen evoked from English

fields and abbeys; completely and perfectly realized, too, though snuffed-out again—oh so quickly—to make way for the later platitudes.

The originals are mostly scattered and inaccessible and the only substitute lies in books like this and in the odd reproduction stolen from an old art-magazine. This volume of Cundall's I have always regarded as presenting the best survey of good English water-colour and now that it appears again, revised and enlarged, after twenty years and after being long out of print I welcome it with open arms and give it a preferred position on my shelves.

Here are fine examples of this aristocratic art from the old miniaturists down to Whistler, Sargent, Crawhall, and Alfred Rich, with Constable, Bonington, De Wint, and many another en route. The author was formerly attached to the Victoria and Albert Museum and it is chiefly on the admirable resources of that institution that he has drawn for his examples.

B. F.

PEASANT ART IN ROUMANIA, by George Oprescu (The Studio Ltd.; Illustrations & Colour plates; pp. 182; 7/6).

To an unbounded admirer of the rugged freshness and vital aesthetic values of peasant art, the book of M. George Oprescu, Professor of French Literature in the Bucharest University and General Secretary of the Society of Intellectual Co-operation, a section of the League of Nations at Geneva, is decidedly disappointing. The disappointment does not come from an ungratified hunger to know a great deal about the 'here' and 'there' of peasant art in Roumania, but rather because there is too much knowledge displayed in this book. It is not the knowledge which disturbs the reader but the didactic play of it. One rarely ceases to be conscious that this is a scholarly 'paper' written with the consciousness of a high-minded professor who wants to cover his field fully but tries hard to be modest enough not to go beyond his department. There is nothing wrong with the contents of the book, but the approach to the subject it deals with is more scientific than artistic, which means more abstract than humane, and the result is dry, however serious and authentic the work is.

At rare intervals, though, Professor Oprescu forgets that he is contributing an important book to the students of ethnology and nationalism, and he de-

lightly tells us about the Roumanian peasants. Once in a great while his heart really beats. At such times a true note of art is sounded. Then the two hundred reproductions which run throughout the book help one to read it and retain some of it.

Just the same, what a pity Mr. Oprescu did not stop his able work with the last word of his introduction, which is a most valuable document on art in general and peasant art in particular, and after having written his introduction, he did not throw off his scholarly attitude to remain just a highly cultured layman, warmly appreciative of his own national art and speaking of it in that spirit; like a lover, not like a logician.

A facsimile letter from Her Majesty, Queen Mary of Roumania, is regarded as a happy addition to this book, both by the publishers and by the author. Perhaps it is.

J. B. S.

LITERARY ESSAYS

THE LAMP AND THE LUTE—Studies in six modern authors by Bonamy Dobree (Oxford University Press; pp. xvi, 133; \$1.50).

Mr. Bonamy Dobree is best known for his scholarly work in the field of Restoration Drama. In this volume of lectures originally delivered at Cairo, he has attempted a different task, and in some ways a more difficult one, because of the danger which he clearly perceives of stepping over the fence into the domain of ethics, as soon as the literary critic is tempted to approach the work of his contemporaries, to try and determine what it is really all about. However, after modestly disclaiming originality and claiming a few friends like T. S. Eliot, Herbert Read, and Ivor Richards as sponsors for his work, he quite frankly admits that the point of interest for him in the writings of either Ibsen and Hardy or Mr. Eliot and Mr. Lawrence is this: 'what it is that has troubled their minds enough to impel them insistently to write of it.' This is surely an excellent point of view for a lecturer to take, and equally satisfactory when he comes to address the larger audience reached through the printed volume. I am not sure, however, that the introductory chapter really helps us to understand more clearly the exact nature of this centre of interest in a man's work, which he defines as his 'intuition.' It would have been as well to remain content with this simple and vivid little explanation of the function of the artist.

'First the artist says "By Jove, things are like that!" Then he says, "Look here, things are like this!" And if he is a successful artist, we in our turn say, "By Jove, things are like that!"' And he is not far wrong in suggesting that the things these modern artists seem mainly concerned with and excited about is the play of personal relationships—'the inner life'—and further, beyond that (especially in the work of the younger writers like Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Eliot) the threat of chaos and sterility, the 'waste land' in which we find ourselves wandering, and the need to found a new religion or 'to set in order the things which are wanting among us, and strengthen those which remain and are ready to die.'

Even Mr. Kipling—a rather strange figure to include in this group—is brought in as one who 'cries out for action as the only hope man has of opposing himself to a great inane.' On the whole Mr. Dobree succeeds in avoiding judgment, but he does not altogether make clear the real reasons for his claim that 'the year 1922, which saw *The Waste Land*, will prove to be as important a year in the history of the development of English poetry as the year 1798, in which Wordsworth and Coleridge produced their transforming volume, *Lyrical Ballads*.'

H. J. D.

A MYTH OF SHAKESPEARE, by Charles Williams (Oxford University Press; pp. 146; \$1.50).

Admittedly a myth and a play with but a slight purpose, that of providing 'a momentarily credible framework for representative scenes and speeches from the Plays' of Shakespeare, this work by Mr. Williams has nevertheless a delicate charm about it. True it contains no force, no characterization, no episode, no plot; but it does show Shakespeare as 'a born poet and a working dramatist.' Unfortunately, the author, to accomplish his ends, has seen fit to strain chronological facts and, although he clearly recognizes that this has been done, the total result tends to be unhappy.

Within the work there are a great many passages of Shakespeare's best verse and, as characters, there are many of the likeable children of the Shakespearian mind. Gathered together within the covers of one small volume these things in themselves constitute what might be called a Shakespeare anthology, but the writing that has come from Mr. Williams himself must not be disregarded. In weaving together

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the passages and scenes from the works of the great Elizabethan, the modern has written good lines of blank verse. Rising above the general level, which at times becomes monotonous, certain lines flash brilliantly. For example, there is the author's conception of how Shakespeare would have described the death of the vivid young Marlowe:—

He died—
Let it rest there . . . He died of that
excess
Wherein his mighty heart, beating its
way
About the weakness of the thinning air
Beyond the stars, plunged like a falling
star
Through the great void that took him.

Or there is that excellent description which Burbage gives of *Macbeth*:—

Aye, that. The murder of Duncan—
not alone
Murder itself treading with ghastly foot
The crimson and revolted house of life;
But afterwards—*Macbeth* and *Mac-*
beth's Queen,
Both in their separate ways cut off and
prisoned
Within the changeless horror of a sleep
That dreams of naught but Duncan . . .

If the reader is willing to search for beauty and is willing to accept the obvious anachronisms, this book is without hesitation recommended. But it certainly is not recommended to those who love only incident and excitement, or to Shakespearean scholars.

S.R.

FICTION

CAPO, by Richard B. Ince (The Scholartis Press; pp. 234; 7/6).

France, the heroine of this book, thinks herself desperately modern because she buys check print table-cloths and uses the word lavatory in the presence of a man. Naturally she doesn't like being the daughter of a clergyman and so she becomes Lady Mary's companion. The latter is a religious maniac, and falls victim to every new craze. This gives the author his opportunity to satirize religion in general and freak religions in particular. But though a maniac may be studied or pitied, he makes a most ineffective subject for satire. As for Mr. Sterndale, Lady Mary's husband, France (and the author, it would seem) thinks he is a fine scholar because 'he's full of such queer information and I simply love his stories; they are so spiced with naughtiness'; less polite people would call him a pedant and a bore. Our heroine then most beautifully becomes the mistress of an artist, whose art consists in a

knowledge of Italian and an unusual aptitude for quoting Shelley and exclaiming 'What alchemy,' or some other such soulful comment. Of course there is a visit to Italy, and when the artist's wife most inopportunely comes out of the lunatic asylum to which she had been confined years ago, Lady Mary makes up for it by imagining she can walk upon the waters of the Serpentine, thereby allowing France to become the second Mrs. Sterndale.

There are occasional clever things—rather in the manner of a not unusually intelligent undergraduate—but even this is not kept up. None of the characters are alive. Such adolescents as have never heard the Church or the Conventions criticized (there cannot be many) may enjoy this book; but in spite of many pages of facile tilting at respectability, spinsters, and psychoanalysis, Mr. Ince shows neither depth nor originality, and the thoughtful iconoclast will not be grateful to him.

C. M. A. G.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

RICE TO RICE PUDDING, and other Picture Tales of how things come to be, by Janet Smalley (William Morrow-McClelland & Stewart; pp. 85; \$1.75).

PLUM TO PLUM JAM, by Janet Smalley (William Morrow-McClelland & Stewart; pp. 87; \$1.75).

THE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY, by H. G. Wells (F. A. Stokes-McClelland & Stewart; \$2.00).

Three books which, after two or three listenings, will become the cherished companions of the children, to be taken to bed of an afternoon, to be pored over during convalescence, to be 'read' in a sing-song voice when the grown-ups are all downstairs. These are the real books for little children, where the pictures suggest and recall the story so inevitably that the child easily persuades himself that he is reading as he turns over the pages. They are all books for the three and four year old, and children of this age should be sure to mention Mr. Wells and Miss Smalley in their letters to Santa Claus. Any Tommy or Thomasine would delight in the beautifully adorned story of the very rich proud man and Augustus. And if this expensive looking book is kept for those occasions when the hands are clean, he or she must certainly be allowed to make an intimate companion of the Rice Pudding and Plum Jam volumes, whose many pictures and few words will soon be loved to the point of

stickiness. Incidentally, too, he will know a surprising amount about how things come to be, and will be ready to advance to all kinds of encyclopedias and books of knowledge.

M. A. F.

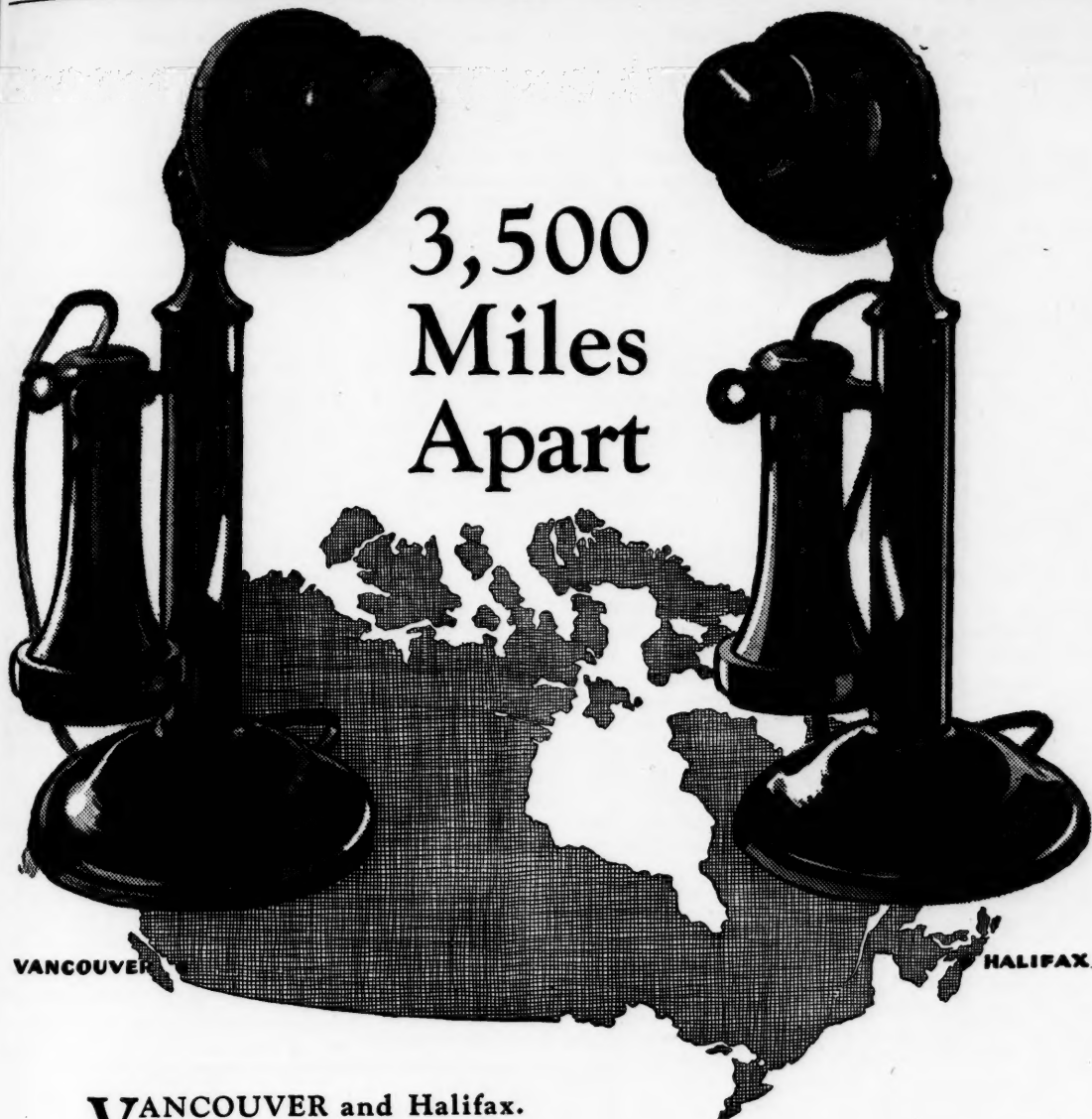
A LIFE OF BIERCE

BITTER BIERCE, by C. Hartley Grattan (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. xi, 291; \$2.50).

This is a much better book than its title or blurbs would suggest. It has none of the characteristics of the deft and flippant psychography which is *le dernier cri*, or perhaps the *avant dernier*, in American criticism. Mr. Grattan has been engaged in this study for many years and has achieved an attractive combination of ripeness and accuracy. In a brief first section he gives us the few certain facts of Bierce's life and mercilessly pares away the accretions of legend and the merely plausible conjectures which have elevated Bierce to the status of an enigma. In a second section he examines Bierce's technique, and in a third, the most striking in the book by far, he attempts to discover the bases of Bierce's somewhat unsystematic thinking. To present in an orderly way the processes of a disorderly mind is always a perilous venture; but Mr. Grattan comes out of it unscathed—and so does Bierce. His interpreter is fond of system but he is fonder still of truth.

A number of Mr. Grattan's general criticisms of Bierce invite argument. The likeness of Bierce's conception of art and aesthetic experience to that of Edgar Poe is, as Bierce admitted, startling. Bierce was a proud and a vain man and he found it intolerable that anyone should suspect him of imitation. His denial that Poe had been an influence upon his thought is worthless, and Mr. Grattan's acceptance of this denial is uncritical. Bierce was certainly an unhappy man. Mr. Grattan, seeking for a comprehensive explanation of his clinging unhappiness, advances the seductive theory that Bierce derived no psychological satisfaction, no sense of personal realization from his work. The theory is perhaps tenable; and it chimes in admirably with the mechanical formula character of most of his stories. But we would like a little clear evidence of its validity before conceding that the revision of *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter* was a superficial satisfaction and no more.

E. K. B.



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EDUCATION IN POLAND

STANISLAS KONARSKI, Reformer of Education in 18th Century Poland, by W. J. Rose (Cape, Nelson; pp. 288; \$2.50).

Few Americans can have forsaken the beaten path of learning so completely as Mr. Rose. Instead of pursuing his graduate studies at home, or in France or Germany, Mr. Rose (now of Dartmouth) went to Poland, wrote this story of Father Konarski and was awarded the Ph.D. degree by the Jagellonian University in Cracow.

Father Konarski, a member of the teaching Order of the Pious, a contemporary of Rousseau, and an even more prolific writer, accomplished in Poland tasks which bear a close resemblance to those undertaken by the great French reformer. He revived education and reformed the political administration of the state. Incidentally he warred with the Jesuits and caused the expulsion of this Order from the country. Education and politics in western Europe are the intellectual offspring of Rousseau's brain; in Poland they are the creation of Konarski's.

The history of Konarski is not too well told (the author ties himself up in the super-abundance of his material), yet on the whole it must be rated as a commendable piece of research, especially when the handicaps under which the author must necessarily have laboured are taken into consideration.

P. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

YEARBOOK OF THE ARTS IN CANADA FOR 1928-29. Edited by Bertram Brooker (Macmillans in Canada; 50 plates; pp. 304; \$5.00).

HONOUR CLASSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO. With a Foreword by Sir Robert Falconer (University of Toronto Press; pp. 83).

THE BUNKHOUSE MAN, by Edmund W. Bradwin (Columbia University Press; pp. 306; \$5.00).

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, CANADIAN POET OF NATURE, by Carl Y. Connor (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. 210; \$3.00).

STARRY EARTH. A Book of Poems and Lyrics, by Robert Hazelmere (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 80; \$1.50).

THE SHINING SHIP AND OTHER VERSE, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 174; \$2.00).

AMERICAN INFLUENCES ON CANADIAN GOVERNMENT, by William Bennett

Munro (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xi, 153; \$1.75).

THE RUNNER, by Ralph Connor (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 481; \$2.00).

GOLDEN TREASURY OF FAMOUS BOOKS, by Marjory Willison (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xvi, 264; \$2.00).

THE DIXON-MEARES CONTROVERSY. Edited by F. W. Howay (Ryerson Press; The Canadian Historical Studies; pp. xii, 156; \$5.00).

JUDAS ISCARIOT. A Poetical Play, by J. Lewis Milligan (Ryerson Press; pp. 31; 50 cents).

THE GERMAN INFLUENCE IN DANISH LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by J. W. Eaton (Cambridge University Press; pp. ix, 208; 12/6).

GENERAL

A HISTORY OF NATIONALISM IN THE EAST, by Hans Kohn (Routledge; pp. xi, 476; 25/-).

THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY, by John Dewey (Milton, Balch & Co.-Thomas Allen; pp. 318; \$4.00).

THE GOOD COMPANIONS, by J. B. Priestly (Harper-Musson Book Co.; pp. 640; \$3.00).

THE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY, by H. G. Wells (Stokes-McClelland and Stewart; illustrated; \$2.00).

MODERN ARCHITECTURE, by Bruno Taut (The Studio; pp. 212; illustrated; 30/-).

STRABANE OF THE MULBERRY HILLS, by William Hay (Allen & Unwin; pp. 414; 6/-).

TRAVELS AND REFLECTIONS, by The Rt. Hon. Noel Buxton (Allen & Unwin; pp. 223; 10/-).

THE LANTERN SHOW OF PARIS, by F. G. Hurrell (Cape-Nelson; pp. 245; \$2.50).

HEINE, by H. G. Atkins (Routledge; pp. x, 292; 6/-).

THE PACIFIC AREA, an International Survey, by George H. Blakeslee (World Peace Foundation Pamphlets; pp. 224).

THE LEGACY OF SUN YATSEN. A History of the Chinese Revolution, by Gustav Amann; translated by Frederick Philip Grove (Louis Carrier & Co.; pp. xii, 302; \$3.75).

FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Margaret Goldsmith (Charles Boni Paper Books; pp. 218).

RICE TO RICE PUDDING, and other Picture Tales, by Janet Smalley (Morrow-McClelland & Stewart; pp. 85; \$1.75).

PLUM TO PLUM JAM and still more Picture Tales, by Janet Smalley (Morrow-McClelland & Stewart; pp. 87; \$1.75).

THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN, by Anne Ellis (Thomas Allen; pp. xiii, 301; \$3.50).

SCIENCE AND THOUGHT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, by Lynn Thorndike (Columbia University Press; pp. xii, 387; \$4.75).

ZERO HOUR, by Georg Grabenhorst (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 306; \$2.00).

POEMS, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Oxford University Press; pp. 197; \$2.50).

MARLOWE AND HIS CIRCLE. A Biographical Survey, by Frederick S. Boas (Oxford University Press; pp. 159; \$2.25).



PROTECTING WILD-FLOWERS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

I was much interested in the article 'Preservation of Wild Life' in your November issue. The idea of a strong central organization seems to be the next step forward. Your suggestion of linking the various kindred societies is an excellent one, and would give voice to an insistent demand, proving stronger each year, as more people realize the tremendous value of our Canadian wild-flowers and the inestimable tragedy of their destruction.

In addition to the societies and associations spoken of could be included

representatives of Chambers of Commerce, Motor Leagues, Golf Clubs, Women's Institutes, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Rotary, Kiwanis, and other service clubs.

A publication such as you mention would have far-reaching influence and would be highly appreciated by all lovers of wild-flowers. A strong editorial completely covering the subject might be supplied to every newspaper in Canada, with a request to publish the same. Why could we not have an international law protecting the wild-flowers as well as the birds.

Yours etc.,
FRANCES M. FLINTOFF.



THE LITTLE THEATRES

CHAUVE SOURIS AND THE LITTLE THEATRES

IT was not my pleasure to be engulfed by that exuberant Muscovite tidal wave that Nikita Balieff created when he first jumped into the sea of the American Theatre. I, alas, was too far inland. But now I feel the spent waters lapping around my ankles. Spent waters. It is too late.

The virtue of the first surge, the virtue of impact, is a great virtue. Particularly is this true of revues, be they never so original. It will be remembered that when the Dumbells first struck Canada they were a delight. After all, they were a sort of Canadian Chauve Souris, and let us not forget them. The first time we saw Marjorie we thought that female impersonators were rather fun, for a change; the first time we heard Red Newman sing about plum and apple jam and saw him unload his pack to single out a wandering cootie for the spotlight, we laughed; we were moved, the first time we looked in on the dugout scenes, the forerunners of *Journey's End*, and we felt that the Duchess's garden party was made for honest hilarity. But when Marjorie called on us year after year, with new frocks and fresh songs, but the same idea; when Sis Hopkins and the toff and Old Bill turned up again and again, and we knew where to look for the quartette and what kind of quartette to expect, and wondered whether it would be an estaminet or a dugout or both and knew for certain that the letters from home would arrive and that some poor chap would be pathetically left out, we became, disloyally, perhaps, less enthusiastic. The freshness wore off, and nothing matters in a revue more than freshness, not only freshness of patter and song and costume and actors, but of idea, not only of ideas, in the plural, but of the original Idea. In time, the Dumbells, regretted, came no more. They served their day.

So with the Chauve Souris. Mr. Balieff in an interview in Montreal, said that he liked coming to Canada, because the Canadians knew what was good and, unlike their American cousins, were not always looking for novelty. If, as a showman, he meant to compliment his audiences, he could not have done it in

a worse way. He did not know, of course. What he meant was that for the United States cities the Chauve Souris was worn out and that Canada was a new field to plough. It may not be worn out for Canada, which has not seen it heretofore, except in a few eastern centres, but the cynic says that it is a bad sign when an actor starts touring Canada. So seldom have we enjoyed theatre in its first flush that the term 'touring Canada' might truthfully be said to mean 'retiring to Canada.'

All this may have had something to do with my disappointment in the Chauve Souris. Even if he hasn't eaten of it, a man knows whether a loaf be stale. I had been preoccupied with things Russian. My imagination was warm with Chekhov, Gorki, Dostoevsky, Andrejev—do these represent the dark side, the opposite of Balieff?—not only by them, then, but by the lusty Bylinas of Russia, by Sadko and the tempestuous heroes, and by the magnificent Chaliapin, and by what I knew of the Moscow Art Theatre and of Diaghlef, and of the work of Soudekine, Bakst, Larionov, and of the musicians, and by the rumors of Balieff himself. And I had been to Petrushka, that night club of Chicago, which even as I write may be dead or languishing; it was a year ago I saw it. To say nothing of the Russian Bear, crowded with diners and thick with smoke, and lively, over the samovars, the bitochki and the bortsch, with balalaikas.

I was ready then, to revel in the Chauve Souris. And ready, it follows, I suppose, to be disappointed in it. He who prepares himself to enjoy a thing prepares himself to be disappointed.

The Chauve Souris had leaked through to me, by rumor, by magazine articles and illustrations, by book, by the Petrushka. Had it all leaked away by the time I came to look at the real thing?

If my disappointment was that of an unfortunate who arrived too late to see the show when the paint was fresh, I should not be writing this plaint. There was a more important reason. The thing could have been what I expected, so far as I was concerned. Why not? I had not been surfeited with things Russian by those out-leakings. I was eager for them. I had developed an appetite.

The reason takes me beyond the Chauve Souris and into the whole subject of theatre and of modern life. And it sends me for satisfaction to the Little Theatre.

What, then, did I seek and fail to get? Taken as a performance, it was good. What could have been more beautiful than the Celebrated Popoff's Porcelain enchanted into lively dancing figures? What more spirited than the Russian village fox trot? What funnier than the burlesque grand opera? The scene from Glinka's opera was like an old painting, fascinating in costume color and design, but it did not stir me. It was the first number and it was flat. Somehow, too, I could see nothing funny in the Night Idyll; the lovers at their windows singing a duet at the top of their voices to drown out the roof chorus of cats with mechanical tails and electric flashing eyes were like the characters of an old joke. Some old jokes never fail to raise a laugh, but



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this did not tingle. And yet, at Petrushka—

The trouble with the Chauve Souris, now that it has lost its impact and can only repeat itself, is that it is too remote. It began in a barn and in a barn it should have remained. What a reactionary statement! But I say happy were those who saw it in the Bat Theatre.

Petrushka is intimate. Climb the stairs and you find yourself in cramped quarters, made more cramped by the heavy square wooden-cased pillars and beams. The beams and the pillars cut off space, but they are gaudily painted with generous Russian flower designs. The little room is crammed with tables and shoved off in the corner is the stage, only slightly raised and a ridiculously few feet square. You dance on the stage under the lights and then you go back to your table and sip your ginger ale—it should be wine, of course—or eat your caviar. Khmara, young and lithe in his purple smock, his lips trembling with nervousness, his eyes sparkling with excitement, shows his white teeth in a smile as he calls for attention. His English is quaint—put on for effect? It may be, but it has a flavour, as has his smock, as have the bizarre flowers on the posts. It throws you into a mood; his smile sets the key. Ah, yes, of course, an old trick of Balieff: this man Khmara is an imitator. But Balieff has been called an old bore, with his twitching cheeks and his staccato, obscure speech and his immense solemnity, perpetually appearing out of the curtains in evening dress. Khmara is no bore; he is fresh and winning; an old fashioned word, winning, but just the thing for a showman. Balieff may be activity itself behind the scenes—perhaps we should get more out of the rehearsals—they say he does, and this is a thought that fits neatly into my argument—but at a distance he can be tiresome.

It will never do, of course, to go on comparing Petrushka with the Chauve Souris. The turns Khmara throws into the light are Chauve Souris turns, nothing else—the minuet; the little but tremendous moustachioed bass bursting with 'The Two Grenadiers' as he leans, broken but undaunted, on his musket; the clownish polka; the scene in the hairdresser's window. They are not imitations of the Chauve Souris. They are lifted bodily out of it. Were not some of these people under Balieff at one time?

What, then, is the appeal of Petrushka? Why does this heel-dancing, this coloured swirl of skirts, this wild singing, these tipsy houses in the cabbages and sunflowers thrill, in this little narrow hall in Chicago, when the same things, with Balieff and the real Chauve Souris, in His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, fail to strike the spark? No one can deny the genius of Balieff and the superb vitality and finish of his actors; it seems foolish to get more enjoyment out of a miniature Chauve Souris than out of the original.

The answer is intimacy. Petrushka is small and close at hand. It is what the Chauve Souris must have been when it started. Can it be that the Chauve Souris, grown old and large and prosperous, is re-created in its pristine youth in Petrushka? In Petrushka you are part of the show. Khmara stands at your elbow, brushes by your table, kisses your wife's hand when you go out; the ridiculous villagers stamping out their polka to a crazy concertina, dance, so to speak, in your own dining room. The small cut-out flats are big enough: there is a reason why they are small. There is a reason, too, for personal announcement. In His Majesty's, the tiny back-grounds are lost, and the programmes are printed. To make himself necessary, no doubt, Balieff jumbles up the order of the items. In Petrushka you feel the vitality of the singers and dancers in your own body; electricity runs from them to you, from table to table; you cannot get enough of it; the sweat shines on Khmara's face, but he smiles and you clap your hands tingling; the Russians go on and you marvel at their energy, but you can't get too much of it; you are half intoxicated by rhythm and colour; you are part of the show.

That is the whole secret. You must be part of the show. That was why Balieff got such a good start. He began in a barn and what vitality and enthusiasm he generated there! It was enough to carry to America and to take America by storm. It was enough to start a new excitement. Eternally—once and forever, as Stanislavsky says. It could not last, because it became spread out, it went beyond its bounds and consequently went thin.

Imagine Punch and July in the Royal Alexandra or the Walker Theatre! The place for Punch and July is the street. His Majesty's (or any other commercial theatre for that matter) small as it may be for some things, is too large for the Chauve Souris. If anything must be

familiar, it is this. You cannot be part of a show when you sit in a seat afar off in a big theatre auditorium and look on. No matter how hard Balieff works with his intimate touches, he cannot get the same responses, because he cannot get the same contacts as in a small place.

Size is what kills a thing, whether it be a religion or a game or a club or a theatre.

There is too much looking on these days, too much second-hand living. Nothing could be more impersonal than the movies, even if the pictures have uncannily taken to themselves the power of lispings. What is the good of sitting in a seat looking at a game? Games are to be played.

Because of this, the Little Theatre is one of the most vital impulses that has moved the generations that are forgetting how to play and how to joy in work. The Little Theatre is *doing*, not *seeing*. It lives by action, concerted action, which is true fellowship. Those who do not slap paint on flats, or tack down floorcloth, or act, or direct, or sell tickets, may sit in the audience and still be part of it all. This is, providing the Little Theatre remains a true Little Theatre and does not get out of hand and become too prosperous. If a theatre swells up it should split. It probably will, for if it is alive it has many cells and enough nuclei for new lives of some sort. To survive and remain true in essence—and if it doesn't remain true it should perish—it must remain small. The getting of members is not the main objective of the Little Theatre. A Little Theatre is not in the community to spread a gospel or uplift the neighbourhood. Let its followers be honest and admit that they are selfish: why are they in it if not for their own satisfaction? They are right, and they need not justify themselves with motives. The worried business manager shakes his head and mutters 'Impractical. We must increase our membership to pay our way.' The emphasis here is on the wrong place. If a Little Theatre is sincere and exciting enough, it will have the concentrated drawing power of the magnet, providing there are enough citizens in the community to be drawn. A theatre is only as strong as the people are interested. If the theatre is exciting enough, who can stay away? What made Balieff the rage when he had the good sense to be discovered by America?

But there is no good in going to look

at a Little Theatre. Its purpose is to be shared. There is a joy in sharing work and play. There is no joy like the joy of being part of an excitement. That is why the war, ghastly as it was, remains for many a sort of holy grail in a commonplace life, grasped, and pouring light blindingly into the eyes. That is why the evangelists can hurl thousands into ecstasy. That is why William Morris yearned back to the days when his singing masons side by side builded their churches. The Little Theatre should be such an excitement. It may begin as amateur theatricals, but it is not merely skylarking. It is as deep as its followers are willing to delve. The Little Theatre should be a religion. The commercial theatre never can be. There is the difference. Those who sneer at the Little Theatre because it sometimes lacks the polish of the legitimate theatre, because it stumbles, are blind. The true Little Theatre is not satisfied with the crude. It is an expression of human passion, striving for perfection. But more important than the perfection is the striving. Its passion must be, at all costs, sincerity. It must have passion; it is passion. The most important thing in the world is that we *do* and that we *do together*.

ROBERT AYRE.

HART HOUSE THEATRE

A new Little Theatre periodical makes a welcome and successful début with the first issue of *The Curtain Call*, published fortnightly by permission of the Syndics of Hart House Theatre, under the editorship of Miss Mona Coxwell. *The Curtain Call*, while definitely allied to the theatre, hopes to present a comprehensive calendar of events of an artistic character in Toronto. It is essentially a vehicle of news, not criticism. It is presumed that its name is an intentional *lucus a non*, since curtain calls are taboo at Hart House.

Plays wanted! The Director of Hart House Theatre is looking for a play to be produced as this season's Canadian Bill. MS should be addressed to the Theatre.

PORT CREDIT

The Port Credit Operatic & Dramatic Society will play, in the course of the season, *Grumpy*, *Arms and the Man*, and a triple bill of *The Man of Destiny*, *Brothers in Arms*, and *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*. Mr. J. R. K. Taylor is the new Director.

OSHAWA

The Oshawa Little Theatre Group opened its second season with Barrie's *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*. Mr. John Craig is Director.

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FOR

HIS SISTERS	and	HIS COUSINS	and	HIS AUNTS
<p>If "little sister" has just reached the "fairy tale" age, she will be thrilled with SENT TO COVENTRY, by D. J. Dickie. This "Canadian Alice in Wonderland," as it has been called by reviewers, tells the adventures of a little boy who was sent to Coventry by his mother. The extraordinary happenings there, and the droll characters encountered, make this a delightful nonsense book. The drawings by Christine Chisholm are charming. \$1.50.</p> <p>For older sister who is interested in music, CANADIAN FOLK SONGS: OLD AND NEW, translations by J. Murray Gibbon, is just the thing. The selection includes not only the old traditional songs brought out with the early settlers from France to Canada, but also more recent folk songs created by the lumbermen and habitants. The original French words are printed side by side with the English versions. Charming bound. Illustrations by Franz Johnston. \$1.50.</p>		<p>What could be more appropriate for the grown-up cousin who has been abroad than FAMOUS HOUSES AND LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON, by A. St. John Adcock? An excellent collection of scattered historical and anecdotal detail of literary London down the ages. Shakespeare, Reynolds, Dickens, and others share the story; so also the Temple, Soho, and Chelsea figure largely but by no means exclusively. Illustrated with 59 drawings. \$1.50.</p> <p>Why not a copy of THE BOOK OF BOYS AND GIRLS ROUND THE WORLD, by D. J. Dickie, for the cousins who are just beginning their study of Geography? A group of children take a trip round the world, and what an exciting and intriguing trip it is! They visit the children of important countries, observing the food, amusements, costumes and methods of travel of the countries visited. Superbly illustrated in colour and black and white. \$1.00.</p>		<p>For the aunt who adores the and up-to-date novels, we suggest PETER LAVELLE, by John D. A novel of ten-years-after-the-powerful, yet delicate and often in feeling. There is wit and in "Peter Lavelle", and some lovely descriptions of the English country. Peter himself, embittered, whimsical, earnest, is genuine; and the reader be delighted with Isobel, his English lover, Daphne, the delicate, provocative musical-comedy actress, Peter's wise little son. \$2.00.</p> <p>An appropriate gift for the aunt is a school teacher is often very cult to find. A charming and useful would be a copy of PICTURE APPRECIATION, by E. Vaughan. Handsomely bound and illustrated, book contains sixty-one famous paintings, with a brief biography of artist represented. \$4.00.</p>

NOT FORGETTING

HIS MOTHER	and	HIS FATHER	and	HIS BROTHER
<p>Of course you want to select something just a little bit different for mother. We suggest THE PEOPLE OF SELDWYLA, by Gottfried Keller, the greatest imaginative writer of Switzerland. In addition to translations of the four best stories from "The People of Seldwyla", the book contains the complete cycle of the "Seven Legends", in which, with inimitable grace, Keller retells some ancient Christian stories. \$2.00.</p> <p>Another very recent publication which is also out of the ordinary is MAORI WITCHERY, by C. R. Brown. An intriguing, interesting and stirring narrative of the author's adventures among hostile tribes of New Zealand. The witchery of the Maori maidens and the trickery of the Witch Doctors are vividly portrayed in this fascinating story. The author's admiration of the Maori people is emphasized continually, and he lays great stress on their innate nobility of character. \$2.00.</p>		<p>If father enjoys subtle humour THE PRIVACY AGENT, by B. K. Sandwell, will please him immensely. The two dozen "pieces" in this book are all skits, treating with spirited though gentle raillery of such subjects as "The Deforestation of Canadian Poetry", "I Sing the Bathroom", and so on. Mr. Sandwell is well known in Canada and the United States as a leading academic light and as a humorous writer. With black and white illustrations by Arthur Lismer. \$2.00.</p> <p>If father prefers something more exciting, we suggest WHEN FUR WAS KING, by H. J. Moberly and W. B. Cameron. It deals with North-West Canada during the last half of the nineteenth century, when there were no towns or buildings except for a few isolated trading-posts; when huge herds of buffalo roamed the prairies and when Indians were still free and wild. The actual experiences of a retired Hudson's Bay factor. Illustrated. \$2.50.</p>		<p>We know of no better way to the admiration of the "young boys" than through a copy of PELTZ AND POWDER, by B. A. McKelvie. A stirring story depicts the amazing adventures of two young boys aboard brigantine "Hope" during the when the eyes of the world were upon Nootka. The type of story all boys will enjoy to the very page. Illustrated with many black and white drawings. \$1.50.</p> <p>ROVERS OF THE VALLEY, A. H. Ball, will also interest and intrigue the boy reader. The adventure of a patrol of Canadian Boy Scouts told in this thrilling story. The pathfinders have exciting encounters with the Indians, and the life and toms of the Redskins is interestingly introduced. The setting is the picturesque Qu'Appelle Valley. With illustrations by Christine Chisholm. \$2.00.</p>

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